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NOTES OF THE WEEK

WITHOUT quite knowing how or why, the Conservative Party have found themselves committed to giving the vote to women of twenty-one. For the first time in our politics a great extension of the franchise is about to take place without any perceptible demand for it, still less any agitation, and without any strong feeling in its favour—rather indeed the other way—inside the ranks of the Party and the Government that are proposing to add some four or five million voters to the electorate. A measure that in other days would have had to be explained, debated and fought for by at least a generation of indomitable champions, thus promises to reach the Statute Book almost in a night, and without anybody seeming to know or care much about it. What degree of Conservatism is involved in this proceeding it is now useless to inquire. The feeling apparently is that as the case for equality in the franchise is unanswerable, women of twenty-one may as well be given the vote if any section of the sex thinks it worth while to ask for it. There

is a casualness about this way of doing things that is new in our constitutional history.

What adds to the singularity of the whole affair is that the Government have done a wrong and unnecessary thing in order to avoid doing something that is both right and necessary. They had either to settle this question themselves, or call a three-Party conference to settle it for them. But no such conference could have met without at the same time taking up the problem of electoral reform and redistribution, and these three-cornered contests that threaten us with Parliaments mainly composed of minority members. But as the Conservatives believe that the present system works to their advantage, as the Labour men are equally convinced it works to theirs, and as nobody at present seems to mind what the Liberals say or think, a three-Party conference is out of the question. Women of twenty-one are, therefore, given the vote in order that the intricate and inconvenient task of bringing our electoral methods into some sort of relationship with the facts of our politics may be still further postponed. They are admitted to

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the franchise in order to preserve a little longer, and until it is dissolved in sheer farce, our misrepresentative system.

The general verdict on the Budget is favourable. There is, indeed, little to be said against it. Mr. Churchill, who can be relied upon never to fail in ingenuity, has covered by skilful manipulation all the deficit with which he found himself faced, has allowed for a payment of £15,000,000 towards arrears in the Sinking Fund, and even left himself with a small estimated surplus. It looks like a conjuring trick, and perhaps it is; but no one has real cause to grumble. With the details of the proposals we deal in a leading article. The Chancellor has extricated himself cleverly from a nasty corner; but if anything should happen to upset his calculations this year as the coal stoppage upset them last, he will have no reserves to fall back on, as he was able on this occasion to fall back on a further raid of the road fund and a further reduction in the brewers' credit.

The abolition of superfluous ministries has been announced by Mr. Churchill in the right temper. To listen to part of the "stunt" Press, little beyond the shutting down of such ministries and the sacking of clerks is necessary to restore the golden age. In point of fact, much of the work done by those ministries must be carried on whether the ministries exist as separate entities or are merged in other departments, and the reductions in staff cannot be great. Something is to be saved by getting rid of the ministries, but the chief gain is moral. The decision announced by Mr. Churchill will bring home alike to the staff of the surviving ministries and to the general public that the Government is deeply concerned for economy and ready to set the example where it can. But it is not by such means that the major economies needed by the situation can be achieved.

The taxation of what are bestially lumped together as "alcoholic liquors" should be wholly separated from the taxation of commodities the increased or decreased use of which has no physical or psychological effects worth troubling about. Bacchus is like the fallen Venus of medieval legend: he grows diabolical in ages that will not accept him as divine. The use of liquor cannot be arrested, but for use we may easily substitute abuse, whether by restriction of hours for sale or by a taxation which drives persons of modest means to the basest beverages as all they can afford. A Chancellor of the Exchequer harassed by need of revenue cannot be expected to think much of these considerations, and we do not reproach Mr. Churchill with retaining the monstrous impost on whisky or increasing the duty on wine. But we do look forward to a period of less financial stringency when policy in this matter will be governed by a desire to encourage a civilized discrimination between beverages. The man who gulps fire-water or

waterlogs his system with the fluid now called "bitter" is a less desirable citizen than he who chooses intelligently between even the humblest clarets. Civilized drinking is a part of civilized life. At present, between the licensing system and the demands of the Exchequer, nine-tenths of the nation has no chance of education in it.

If the last month of the old financial year is any criterion of what may happen in the new, the period of full recovery cannot be far away. The trade returns for March show an increase in exports that is not only considerable in itself, but that extends to precisely those industries that have lagged most lamentably since the war. The iron and steel trades, textiles, woollens, the ship-building industry—it is in these great staple branches of our national commerce and manufacture that the falling-off has been most manifest and most injurious. Now at last they seem to be picking up, both the March and the quarter's returns registering an advance that is all the more hopeful for being unsensational and evenly distributed. Good trade, of which there now appears to be a rational prospect, is everything for such a country as ours. It implies, and it alone can supply, that healthy flow of revenue to the State on which Mr. Churchill has speculated in framing his Budget. If his calculations are to be realized the March returns, heartening as they are, will have to improve with each month that passes.

The five-Power protest against the recent Nanking outrages has been presented to the Nationalists, and there seems good reason to suppose that General Chiang Kai-shek will make amends without much delay. For the moment he has other things to think about; his men have suffered a severe defeat to the north of the Yangtse. The Northerners are undoubtedly better equipped, and possibly they have now learned that the best thing to do with equipment is not to run away and leave it on the battlefield, in which case the Southerners must abandon hope of an easy march on Peking. Were we convinced that in the long run Chang Tso-lin will not want as much out of the foreigner as Chiang Kai-shek, we should rejoice in this turn of events. Not sharing the widespread belief, however, that the former is all White and the latter all Red, we fear that this battle will only prolong the civil war, although we may hope that, as has often happened in China, it may lead to an alliance between the two opposing commanders.

The raiding of Soviet buildings in Peking and the picketing of the Soviet Consulate in Shanghai show only too plainly how easily the Chinese crisis, serious enough in itself, might become a world crisis. As far as Peking is concerned, it may be argued that the Bolsheviks have not much to grumble about, since they renounced with so much pomp and circumstance the special rights accorded to foreigners in China under the

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Treaty of 1901. The raid has brought from Moscow the sort of Note that was to be expected, but as yet no very definite threat of a declaration of war on Chang Tso-lin. War against Chang Tso-lin would mean an advance into Manchuria, where Japan has such great interests that she would be dragged into the dispute. Another Russo-Japanese war would benefit nobody, except perhaps Chang Tso-lin himself, who is determined somehow or other to get foreign support in his fight against the Southerners.

The Shanghai affair is from our point of view even more serious. Sir Austen Chamberlain's policy cannot succeed unless we remain impartial in China's civil war. But we cannot claim impartiality when we allow "White" Russians, who, until a week or two ago, were fighting in Chang Tso-lin's armies, to hold up everyone, including the Nationalist Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, who wants to visit the "Red" Russian Consulate. Southern troops are not allowed to enter the Settlement, where ex-Northerners parade as policemen. It is true that this measure was taken by the Shanghai Municipal Council, but on that Council British subjects predominate, and we cannot believe that, at a word from London, the Council would not put an end to this interference with the freedom of an official who, however objectionable, is accredited not to Shanghai, but to the Chinese Government. Nothing could more definitely strengthen the influence of Bolshevism in China than this picketing of the Bolshevik Consulate.

A new Companies Bill, the first of its kind we have had for twenty years, was issued on Tuesday. It owes its existence to the painstaking and non-hysterical labours of a committee thoroughly familiar with the workings of the existing law and with the abuses that have crept into the stock and share business of recent years. Of these, hawking securities by personal solicitation or through letters that carry too little legal responsibility is one of the worst, and the Bill forbids it. The terms in which prospectuses may be issued are more strictly defined, the liability of directors is extended, and several more technical amendments are proposed. They are of a kind to protect the public against swindling and misrepresentation without interfering with the volume of legitimate business. Many recent revelations, particularly in connexion with bogus American oil shares, have shown the need, and also perhaps the impossibility, of safeguarding the foolish investor against himself, and to the *Daily Mail*, which has done a useful and effective public service in exposing these scandals, must certainly be allotted some of the credit for the new Bill. Our commercial legislation is usually sound, and the Bill is in keeping with a good tradition.

Mr. Kellogg's efforts to make Nicaragua safe for the United States are proceeding satisfactorily from his own point of view. The Liberal leader,

Sr. Sacasa, unable to use munitions, even when he can get them, for fear of shooting United States marines, who occupy every point of strategic importance, is giving up the fight and is expected to leave the country. A special diplomatic mission is being despatched by the State Department to carry on discussions at Managua, which are too delicate to be entrusted either to the Admiral commanding the marines or to the American diplomatic representatives on the spot. In other words, Washington is now hoping to draw up a treaty which will give the United States the same sort of control over Nicaragua as they already have over Panama. Rumours of Mr. Kellogg's impending resignation are again current. If they are well founded, he will leave office with the poor consolation that his enthusiasm for the Trans-Nicaraguan Canal has aroused a hostility throughout Latin America which may ultimately more than counteract its value.

General Primo de Rivera is much less successful than Signor Mussolini in keeping up enthusiasm at home without causing too much offence abroad. Less than a year ago his failure to obtain by bluff a permanent seat on the League Council compelled Spain to withdraw from Geneva, and a few weeks ago the flat rejection by France of his demands for Tangier compelled Señor Yanguas to resign. The Anglo-Franco-Spanish Convention of 1923, under which Tangier is now governed, is an unsatisfactory document which needs revision. In some respects it is unfair to Spain, since the Riff chieftains profit by the neutrality of Tangier to carry on propaganda and to obtain money. In other respects it is unfair to Italy, who was allowed no share in drawing up the Convention. A new and serious revolt has broken out in the Riff, and if the Spanish Dictator is wise, he will swallow his pride and so modify his demands that they may simplify and not complicate the task of instituting a real international regime for Tangier.

King Ferdinand's constitution has once again enabled him to surprise his doctors, and his temporary recovery will enable him to realize that the principal dangers which threatened his country have been overcome. General Averescu and M. Bratianu, who each feared a *coup d'état* on the part of the other, have had a long discussion, as a result of which, it is reported, they have decided on the form of Government which will take control after the King's death. In reaching this decision they have been greatly helped by the fact that Prince Carol has shown no desire to return to Rumania, and has not even troubled to reply to the invitations of those political parties who would like him to do so. The Regency Council, which will consist of Prince Carol's younger brother, the President of the Supreme Court of Appeal and the Patriarch of the Rumanian Church, is a weak one, but this is a positive advantage, since, had Queen Marie become a member of it, some effort to overthrow it and the Government dependent upon it would have been almost inevitable.

THE BUDGET AND ECONOMY

MR. CHURCHILL'S third Budget is undeniably the cleverest of the three. Before he spoke the country was seriously perturbed by the prospect of fresh taxation, and loyal supporters of the Government had additional cause for anxiety over the effect that its straitened circumstances would have on its reputation. At the end of the speech everyone was smiling. No new taxation of importance, Sinking Fund raised instead of being raided, no interest affronted, unless it be the income-tax payers under Schedule A, and, behold, a deficit of thirty-six millions is converted into a prospective surplus next year. And this financial feat is accomplished to the accompaniment of good-tempered and witty patter by the juggler. The ferocity of Mr. Snowden's invective next day gives the measure not only of his natural earnestness but also of his extreme annoyance that the Government had got out of what looked like a bad financial mess, and the poverty of the debate that followed showed how little real quarrel there is with the financial proposals of the Government. In the country you could almost hear the same sigh of relief and amusement that goes round the cricket field when a catch is dropped on the boundary. For once Mr. Churchill's exceeding cleverness has made him grateful friends as well as admirers.

But while the Budget has pleased nearly everyone, and offended very few, no one is under any illusions about it. It solves nothing, proves nothing, does nothing, except get the country and the Government out of a pickle. It leaves problems just where they were, and postpones to times and circumstances which may be more, but are equally likely to be less, favourable, a financial problem which we deplore in speeches and resolutely ignore in actions. The surprise of the speech was Mr. Churchill's conviction that we had already suffered from the worst financial consequences of the strikes of last year, for it had been generally assumed that the worst was still to come. Mr. Snowden believes that Mr. Churchill's estimate of revenue this year is too sanguine, and his estimate of expenditure too low, but these prophecies are made about every Budget, and they cannot be tested in advance. We must walk on in hope that the Treasury experts are right, in faith that the Government is sincere in its professions of zeal for economy, and also (it must be added) in charity over the Government's past financial lapses.

The quarrel with the Budget is on the side not of the revenue but of the expenditure. Granted that eight hundred and thirty-three millions had to be raised, Mr. Churchill's ways of raising it are easier than most others, and cleverness which can make the burden seem lighter is a virtue not a fault in the Chancellor. But it remains true that the country cannot continue indefinitely to raise this enormous sum of money every year, and if we try, it is sure to lead to revolution of one sort or another. It need not be a red revolution. It might only be the conversion of this country to high Protectionism, or to schemes of

nationalizing which might be expected to make money for the State otherwise than by taxation. Either of these events would be a revolution, the danger of which should set us earnestly to work on the problem of national economy.

It is of no use to pretend that the country is really in earnest about economy. The middle and professional classes, who cannot pass the extra cost of living on to the consumer, doubtless are, and the grievance of big business against high rates is genuine enough. But in the main expenditure is popular in the country, and the House of Commons, which always exposes its insincerity when it pretends to be in earnest about economy, is in this respect an accurate reflex of the mind of its constituents. The Government, on whom the charges of extravagance are always laid, is probably the most serious in its zeal for economy and has done much work on the problem; it fails to produce results mainly because there is no driving force of public opinion behind it. Its contributions to the problem in this year's Budget are certainly not to be taken very seriously. When Mr. Churchill announced that three post-war departments, Mines, Overseas Trade and Transport are to go, there was a thunder of applause as though an effective blow had at last been struck for economy. In fact, seeing that these departments are merely to lower their own separate flag and hoist another, Mr. Snowden is probably not far out when he estimates the saving at £10,000 a year. The chief gain is that we have got rid of two rather incompetent ministers. More important is the restriction on new entries into the Civil Service, for that does give some sort of guarantee that the amalgamation of departments which is evidently on the way will lead to some economy of staffs, and not merely save on salaries what has to be spent on pensions. Lord Oxford was, if we remember right, the first to make this suggestion. But all these proposals cannot make really important savings. Mr. Churchill speaks of economies that the Cabinet hopes to effect amounting to eight and a half millions a year, but the truth is that the utmost any Cabinet can hope to do along these lines would be to get back half-way to the eight hundred millions line from which this Government set out. There is no possibility of effecting economies that would do more than keep pace with the automatic rise of expenditure, except by deep and fundamental changes in the policy of the country.

Let us take one example of the sort of change that we mean. Mr. Churchill has always taken our army estimates as an example of the difficulty of making drastic cuts in expenditure. He points out quite truthfully that our army is really a police force, and that its size and cost stand in the slightest possible relation to policy. Not for fifty years ahead can we see any possible changes in India which would make it safe for us to reduce our garrison in India below its present ratio of one British to two native units, and even if we evacuated Egypt we should probably have to transfer the present garrison to Palestine in order to safeguard the Canal. A million or two might be saved by amalgamating the administration of the three fighting arms, but the only way

of reducing the cost of the army on a great scale would be to abolish the linked battalion system altogether, to enlist a separate foreign service army on twenty years' service, and as that would give insufficient reserves, to rely on some form of veiled conscription for the rest. That is put forward not as a proposal, but as an example of the kind of reform in fundamental policy that alone would reduce substantially our army expenditure. No one would deny that it is drastic in character, would take a couple of sessions to get through, and many years to carry into execution.

A scheme of disarmament, again, if there were any chance of international agreement, and if we succeeded not only in working out an insular school of thought on this subject, but in persuading our continental friends, might accomplish vast economies. The complete abolition of capital ships, or the neutralization of large tracts of the air to military operations, on the analogy of the Great Lakes in America, are examples of what might conceivably be possible. But these, again, imply revolutions in thought, and they could only be carried through after a long period of education and with the help of a popular drive towards economy, such as at present does not exist.

Perhaps the first condition of generating this motive power would be that everyone should realize better than he does how much he stands to gain by public economies. The middle-classes are rubbing their hands with pleasure because there is no increase of income-tax. (Incidentally, this would seem a suitable opportunity of acknowledging with gratitude the very important reforms in the system of collecting income-tax, which Mr. Churchill announced in his Budget speech.) But the best pioneer work for drastic economy might be conceivably a universal income-tax that everyone paid through wages, coupled with the wholesale abolition of indirect taxes, which disguise or anaesthetize the pain of parting. It has to be admitted that the current of present thought is running strongly in the opposite direction, and any Government proposing so violent a change would encounter fatal opposition.

It is not to be denied that expenditure at its present height exposes us to the risk of a revolution, red, or of the milder kind that we have described. But it is only fair to the Government to indicate how grievous are the difficulties of making any drastic economies, and sensible people must dissociate themselves from the noisy quacks who pretend that all that is needed to bring back the financial ease of 1914 is to sack a sufficient number of clerks in Whitehall. The Government knows very well that it is living from hand to mouth, with no reserves behind it for emergencies. The only reserves that a Government can have are a great untapped area of taxation, and with expenditure at its present height the State is in the position of a man who is living on an overdraft with all his securities mortgaged to cover it. A sudden ill-turn of fate and such a State, like such a man, may be ruined. This financial condition is as great a danger to our civilization as ever Germany was, and creates even more mental discomfort and unrest than the worst of the ex-Kaiser's speeches.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Wednesday

ONE of our most popular playwrights was once told by his actor-manager on the eve of a production that his work lacked humour. He thereupon sat down and deliberately inserted a score of jokes. Did the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we wonder, spend his quiet Sunday in Kent similarly spicing his Budget oration? To some of those who listened to that speech it appeared that the frequency of interruptions by laughter was greater than the occasion demanded, and that the character of the humour was hardly adapted to the dignity of the subject. But if the test of oratory is the measure of approval it gains from the audience to which it is addressed, then to Mr. Churchill's third Budget speech must be awarded the palm. It pleased the million—never for a moment was it caviare to the general.

* * *

In the pages of this REVIEW a few weeks ago there appeared an account of Mr. Disraeli's budget speech of 1852 by a living man, who as a boy of fourteen had the privilege to hear it. To judge from that description the introduction of a Budget was a very different matter seventy-five years ago. Sir George Trevelyan can still remember and vividly describe that great oratorical achievement. But it is hardly too much to say that in a few months' time those who heard the speech on Monday will retain only an impression of two hours that went like one in a ripple of laughter. Mr. Churchill is not only capable of holding the attention of the House as nobody else can, but he is also a master of the English language, yet throughout this lengthy statement there was not a phrase that remained in the memory, nor a single sentence that aspired to oratory. Perhaps the modern mind is afraid to associate rhetoric with so sacred a subject as finance, or perhaps the age of eloquence has followed that of chivalry to the grave.

* * *

If the arts of the orator were absent, those of the showman were to the fore. No entertainment could have been more skilfully arranged. The changes from grave to gay were regularly—almost too regularly—rung, and curiosity was kept titillated until the last moment. When Mr. Churchill first mentioned the words "income tax," something uncommonly like a shiver passed through the ranks of his supporters. With the pitiless playfulness of a cat he continued for a minute or two to play with the idea, pointing out how he could escape from all his difficulties by adding a sixpence to this particular source of revenue. The explanation as to exactly what it is intended to do with regard to Schedule A had been hardly grasped when the astounding fact was disclosed that by this rearrangement of collection an additional fourteen millions and more would accrue to the State. A gasp of astonishment went up, and members were still gasping when a few minutes later the Chancellor resumed his seat.

* * *

On the following day Mr. Snowden came down to the attack. For the third year in succession he has had this task to perform, and he must be beginning to tire of it. He certainly seemed to take no relish in his work on Tuesday. It may be that the merits of the Budget are such as to defy his powers of criticism, or it may be that those powers are failing, and that his vocabulary of vituperation is running dry. If, as he asserts, the Chancellor has been

prodigal of national resources, he has himself been so prodigal of the more violent terms of abuse in the English language that he has exhausted the dictionary and has to fall back upon repeating himself. This he did several times in the course of his speech, and even quoted the Chancellor's own descriptions of last year's Budget as though they had been made with regard to this one. He spoke for an hour without dealing with the Budget at all, giving an historical survey of the Government's alleged financial blunders beginning with the coal subsidy of two years ago. When he came to the Budget itself he endeavoured to work up some indignation about the wrong done to motorists by the appropriation of the Road Fund, and the wrong done to urban landowners by the alteration in Schedule A, but these acts of injustice left his party cold, and when he sat down, having accused the Chancellor of nothing worse than prodigality, deceit, and theft, he seemed to have aroused no resentment either in his audience or in himself.

* * *

Mr. Hilton Young, who followed him, made a more important and a more useful speech. He disposed of the Road Fund grievance by reminding the House that under the new arrangement not a single new road nor a single improvement would be interfered with, and he criticized what he termed Mr. Snowden's hide-bound conservatism in desiring to add even more to the Sinking Fund after a year of exceptional emergency. He considered that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had already gone too far in this direction. He proceeded to explore exhaustively the possible avenues of economy, and, having reviewed the various bodies to whom the vital task of reducing expenditure might be entrusted, he was left with the Cabinet as the only one possessing all the necessary qualifications. Before sitting down, however, he put forward the interesting suggestion that a special council of Ministers, preferably not those connected with spending departments, should be created for this purpose—an interesting suggestion which, it seems safe to prophesy, will continue to interest Ministers until the next General Election.

FIRST CITIZEN

A LETTER FROM BERLIN

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Berlin, April 12, 1927

THE Germans have done to sport what they have done to everything on which they have laid their hands: they have reduced it to a science. When the nation began to settle down after the troublous years succeeding the Revolution, the lack of discipline and training previously gained in the two years' service in the army made itself felt. Attempts to supply this lack by drilling the young men privately had, for various reasons, to be abandoned, and the attention of the people was turned to sport, as being the only alternative.

The educational authorities took the matter up, the political authorities gave them every possible help, and "sport" is now a universal pursuit. Long before the youth of both sexes reach the University they have, of course, specialized, and here the result of the German training is manifested. The supreme aim of the sportsman or sportswoman must be, it has been insisted, to secure records, and how conscientiously the plan has been carried out is shown by the German victories in England, in other European countries, and in the United States during the past year.

The educational authorities have now decided that one of the subjects of the leaving examination of the

public schools, the passing of which carries the right to study at any University, is to be physical exercises. This is to show whether the candidates have acquired bodily strength and perseverance, and whether they have developed presence of mind and independence of thought and action. The Government is doing its part, its object being not only to improve the race physically and mentally, but also to reduce the costs of the National Health Insurance, which rose from 600 million marks in 1914 to 960 millions in 1925. The authorities consider that this enormous increase is due largely to reduced powers of resistance and that the only remedy is systematic corporal development. Considerable sums are allocated in the nation's budget to the furtherance of physical culture, and the municipalities are providing playing fields, sports grounds, and even stadiums. Other public bodies are acting independently; the Berlin police, for example, are constructing a new stadium in the north of the city, where every species of sport will be prosecuted, and where accommodation is to be provided for 40,000 spectators. The city of Düsseldorf has just revealed its plan to create on its outskirts "the greatest race-course in Europe." The German furtherers of sport have still another aim. The finished athletes are to serve as political propagandists; they are to carry the German name triumphantly throughout the world, and are thus to serve the advancement of Germanism.

The Germans have not yet, however, discovered the relation of sport to art. The Berlin Secessionists have devoted their spring exhibition exclusively to "sport," and declare in their catalogue that as Germans have realized that sport is one of the powers that dominate the world, its connexion with art must be established. This first "Sport" Art Exhibition in Berlin is decidedly depressing. It contains a few interesting pictures, but the general impression that it conveys is that addiction to sport renders men and women either brutal or inane. Some 250 pictures and drawings are exhibited, and if these represent German sportsmen and sportswomen, and the German idea of sport, it will be long ere the intellectual level of the race is raised by pursuing the new course.

I have read with curiosity the little volume of Love Letters by Ernst Haeckel. Only one woman played a rôle in the life of the author of 'The Riddle of the Universe,' namely, his cousin, Anna Sethe. He became engaged to her in 1858, but had to wait six years before his income was large enough to support a wife, that is, until he was appointed Ordinary Professor at Jena University. The letter written by Haeckel from Jena, on June 5, 1862, to his fiancée is typical. It announces his appointment as Extraordinary Professor of Zoology, and as Director of the Zoological Museum attached to the University there, mentions that the medical faculty had drawn up a report concerning him that was "extremely favourable and most laudatory," and that Kuno Fischer was manifesting great interest in his career.

Haeckel tells his fiancée of his profound surprise at learning that he had been Director of the Zoological Museum since the preceding Easter, and was to receive a salary of a hundred Thalers for the year. It had been considered to be incorrect to announce this earlier, for "only a Professor could be Director of such a great collection." "Had we known this," Haeckel writes, "we might have been married at Easter. What my salary as Professor will be is uncertain; in all probability it will fluctuate between nothing and fifty Thalers. I am sure, however, of a hundred Thalers per annum as my share of the students' fees. Our financial position is thus not brilliant, but we can start modestly, and your Erni will not remain *Extraordinarius* for the whole of his life." The main thing is, Haeckel adds, that he will soon have in his own home the being without whom neither money nor advancement would bring him

satisfaction. He asks his fiancée to imagine herself receiving the warmest kisses that "a German professor is capable of giving."

The Beethoven celebrations have been followed in Berlin by a week devoted to Hans Pfitzner. The State Opera House and the Municipal Opera House have assembled all their forces, and are producing the most important works of "this representative German master," of "one of the leading spirits in the world of music," as Pfitzner is described by his admirers. Pfitzner does not aim at popularity, he makes no concession to the taste of the day, and it is not claimed for him that his work will influence later composers. He is a romanticist, and as such closes a period in German musical history that culminated in Richard Wagner; but it is claimed for Pfitzner that although he is the last of the romantics, he is the most independent of the artists who found inspiration in Wagner.

It is owing to this independence of Pfitzner's captive genius, however, that his works have been given so seldom in Germany. Works such as 'Der arme Heinrich,' and 'Palestrina' appeal to a public that will take trouble to understand their composer's intention, and it is obviously with the purpose of providing such a public with an opportunity that Bruno Walter has induced the management of the Berlin opera houses to give a series of Pfitzner's compositions. That the performances were as perfect as the producing forces could make them goes without saying, and Bruno Walter conducted them. Pfitzner's romantic cantata, 'Von deutscher Seele,' was given for the first time in Berlin in 1922, while Bruno Walter conducted the first performance of 'Der arme Heinrich' here in 1900.

The 'School for Scandal' was successfully produced as a comic opera in the State Theatre at Munich in March. The composer, Paul Klenau, has already made a name with his opera 'Sulamith,' and his ballet 'Little Ida's Flowers'; his latest work is in the style of the Lortzing period.

APRIL ON THE TWEED

By R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART

HERE are sound arguments in favour of April as the best fishing month on the Tweed. The records, it is true, tell another story, and to the plutocrat who devotes himself exclusively to the capture of salmon February and March bring better results. For the less fortunate mortal, however, who has to crowd his year's fishing into one short fortnight, February and March are still too cold. April and Tweed are therefore natural selections; April because after a winter's idleness every real angler is possessed with an unconquerable impatience, and Tweed because it affords the finest variety of fishing in the whole kingdom. To those anglers, too, who prefer artistry to mere execution April has an added charm. For now the fly has a reasonable chance of competing on equal terms with the vulgar but more effective bait. Full well we know that those wonderful catches in February and March were the reward of a well-spun minnow or a coarse-flung eeltail. A few present-day stalwarts like Lord Hume still remain true to old traditions, but as for the lessees who are bent on records, let him who doubts walk on a March morning from Kelso to Coldstream, and for every rod using fly he will find a dozen using bait. In April, however, fly shall be *de rigueur*, and if the salmon will not look at us we shall offer our wares to the famous Tweed trout.

Finally, we are Scotch, and no real Scotsman on holiday from England ever comes to Tweed solely for the fishing. To the Englishman Tweed is merely a

duffer's paradise where with the help of a silently contemptuous gillie the veriest novice is certain of a "fish." To the Scot, however, the whole valley is a fairyland of romance and Tweed itself the most glorious of rivers, not only because of its natural beauty but because throughout the centuries it has been the faithful ally of Scottish liberty. Everywhere along its banks are cairns or crosses in remembrance of ancient battlefields: of terrible defeats like Flodden and still more glorious triumphs like Ancrum, where the Maiden Lilliard, the Scottish Joan of Arc, fell fighting in the cause of Scotland:

Fair maiden Lilliard
Lies under this stane;
Little was her stature,
But muckle was her fame.
Upon the English loons,
She laid monie thumps,
And when her legs were cutt off,
She fought upon her stumps.

In Tweed's cool waters Scottish patriotism received its baptism. Here, too, are the homes of many of the greatest names in Scottish history: Douglasses, Kers, Haigs, Maxwells, Elliots, Hepburns, Armstrongs, Turnbulls, and, greatest Borderers of all, the Scotts. And as we cast our fly over the waters we renew the link with the past in the thought that, in years gone by, our sturdy forefathers fished these same casts with the same grim perseverance and the same keen sense of delicious anticipation. Only where now we use a fifteen-foot split-cane, carefully balanced to spare the muscles of a weaker generation, those giants of the past could flog the water all day with a twenty-foot greenheart! Sir Walter himself—even to-day in the whole of the Borders there is only one Sir Walter—was a keen angler and with Tom Purdie spent many an hour on the river.

Time was when every Scotsman was brought up on Scott, with excellent results for Scottish character and the healthy preservation of Scottish national sentiment. To-day, alas! the post-war generation no longer reads him. Even in Kelso, the proud "Queen of the Borders," where Scott was at school, where R. M. Ballantyne was born, and where Charles Edward spent the night before his ill-fated march to Carlisle, the young girls and boys are more interested in Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks than in the famous heroes of Scottish history.

The passing of the Scott tradition in Scotland itself is truly sad. At the leading bookseller's in Edinburgh it was impossible to pick up a few odd volumes of the 'Waverley Novels,' while my chauffeur, a bright lad of twenty, had not even heard of Abbotsford! In his eyes the pilgrimage to Melrose and Dryburgh was a wasted day. A man who could leave the river when the water was in order and in a year which has seen all records for spring salmon broken was obviously in a state of incipient insanity. Perhaps he was right. There are few things more pleasant in life than a day on Tweed in April. What a vision it conjures up when we are back in the smoke and grime of a London office. Once Kelso is left behind, nothing but miles of green meadows and peaceful parkland with Tweed twining its way like a silver thread through wooded banks all covered with daffodils and primroses. The "goldeneye" and the grebes have gone, but there are other wild birds in plenty with the warm sunshine flashing alternately on the herons and the kingfishers. And, best of all, on the water itself that glorious symphony in which the loud splash of the salmon provides the Wagnerian thunder to the tranquil melody of the feeding trout. Here are some of the most famous salmon beats in Great Britain: Floors, Ednam, Sprouston, Hendersyde, Birgham and Carham; beats where, from time immemorial, Youth and crabbed Old Age, too, have had their first lesson in salmon-fishing from a Border boatman.

What splendid fellows these Tweed gillies are and how loyal to their employers, the real owners of the

water! No lessee or visitor, however well he may fish, is ever admitted to the same degree of skill as their own master. They themselves, like all real anglers, prefer troutng to salmon-fishing, and, in spite of the glories of the Test, Tweed is the finest trout-stream in the country and, tell it not in Hampshire, one of the finest of dry-fly streams. As far as the artistry of casting is concerned, in all that appertains to entomology, the English dry-fly fisher surpasses his Scottish brother; but in fishing lore, in the knowledge where the fish lie and in that almost feminine intuition which knows how to coax the wary trout "wi ae thing and another, according to the time of day" the Scot is vastly superior. And the Borderer is the king of all Scottish anglers. Tweed trout are "dour," and there is no river where experience is so valuable or where real skill earns a richer reward.

In the autumn, too, Tweed provides excellent grayling-fishing—fishing which on the Kennet and other English streams would cost ten shillings a day. Indeed, the grayling have become a pest, and the Scotch proprietors are only too glad to give free fishing to intending destroyers of this thyme-scented interloper.

But why betray more secrets to the Sassenach or interfere with the perquisites of the Kelso postman who keeps himself in whisky and tobacco all through the winter by sending baskets of grayling to Manchester and Bradford? In any case, we are not in November. We are—and let us be duly grateful for it—in April.

MRS. MARKHAM CONTINUES ON HOTELS

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

TOMMY: Pray, dear Mamma, since you promised to continue your discourse upon Hotels, will you not inform me whether wealthy people do not sometimes retire thither to die?

MRS. MARKHAM: It is rare, my dear Tommy. For the management, in its solicitude, send on the appearance of illness for their Doctor. . . .

MARY: What? Have they Doctors, too?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear. And Lawyers and Detectives and Masseurs—they have everything. They send, I say, for their Doctor, who sees to it that the sufferer is tenderly removed to a home under his own supervision.

MARY: And are people born in Hotels, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: That is still more rare.

TOMMY: Mamma, do people sleep in Hotels as well as eat in them?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, of course they must sleep; for without this recruitment of their nature, guests would fall into imbecility. I can assure you, from having seen one with my own eyes, that the bedrooms are wonderfully luxurious.

MARY (with an ecstatic look): Pray, dear Mamma, tell us of what fashion these apartments may be.

MRS. MARKHAM: In the first place, my dear, you must understand that they are never lacking for fresh air—at least in winter—for the windows are often so made that they do not completely shut, and there is also as a rule what is called a ventilator—that is, a number of holes in the wall, through which the healthy cold air outside may

pour into the room in powerful jets and so fall upon its occupant.

MARY: But, Mamma, is not the room thus made very cold when the thermometer is below 43° or some such figure?

MRS. MARKHAM: Only apparently so, my dear, for while portions of the air in the bedroom consist of these invigorating blasts, others are raised to a remarkable heat by the use of metal pipes of artistic design, which also entertain the sleeper by occasional knockings, and reassure him that they are in good working order. In the very best hotels, apart from these luxurious contrivances, there is a fireplace designed after the antique style and filled with electric lights glowing through coke and red mica to simulate coals.

MARY: Oh, Mamma, all this must be very wonderful and entrancing!

MRS. MARKHAM (beaming): You are right, my dear, but there is more to come. Attached to each bedroom is a bathroom with a continual supply of hot and cold water, and the mechanism is so arranged that upon the receptacle becoming about half full, the superfluity silently flows away; thus the body of the bather is never completely covered and there is no danger whatsoever of drowning.

MARY: Oh, Mamma, how thoughtful and ingenious!

TOMMY (musing): Just think of it, Mamma! A bathroom stuck on to one's bedroom! Then one would not have to go down the cold passages. I wish you and Papa had thought of that when you were building this house; I should so much have liked a bathroom stuck on to my bedroom.

MARY: Yes, and a little library as well; and a sitting-room to sit in. And I should have liked a wireless set there. Yes—oh!—and a little theatre!

MRS. MARKHAM: My children, do not be ridiculous: such things are not to be expected in private houses. (*To TOMMY:*) Moreover, Tommy, you must understand that Papa and I did not build this house.

MARY (bewildered): Why, then, who did, Mamma? Was it the gentleman who came round last Saturday and made such a noise in the hall about a thing called quarter day?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear—and I don't know what you mean. But this house must have been built nearly a hundred years ago, to judge by the state of the timbers. And your dear Papa says that it would be difficult to sell the remainder of the lease, for there is only another five years to run.

TOMMY: Mamma, I do not understand this at all. What is a lease? And how does it run? And how can you sell anything while it is running? And. . . .

MRS. MARKHAM: Never mind, my dear; let us go back to the Hotels. There are also in these noble Palaces places where ladies and gentlemen can get their hair cut, and can be shaved. There are smoking-rooms where they can smoke, and other rooms where they may not do so. Indeed, if they smoke in a room where smoking is forbidden they incur the gravest penalties, and some have even been imprisoned for so doing. There are reading-rooms in which may be perused the *Cotton Trade Journal*, the *Wheel Trade Journal*, the *Motor Trade Journal*, *Modern Travel*, the

list of European Hotels, advertisements of the Blue Train and of the Riviera, and every other kind of literature, including sometimes back numbers of magazines with stories written by our greatest English writers. They have also magnificent staircases, entirely composed of marble (when they are not of onyx) and with balustrades of ormoooloo (which signifies moulded gold). The windows upon these staircases are not ordinary windows, but of stained glass in vivid and unexpected colours, while the walls are hung with tapestries reminiscent of some of the Gobelins and of Arras.

MARY : Oh, Mamma, how ecstatic—how beatific !

MRS. MARKHAM : Yes, indeed, my dear, and it would be a pleasure to ascend and descend those regal staircases, yet none do so, for all Hotels are provided with lifts.

TOMMY : Like the Tubes, Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM : Yes, Tommy, but with far more expensive appointments. Each lift is served, in the finest Hotels, by a strong able-bodied man who is thus saved from a life of drudgery upon the soil. He wears medals and is dressed in a superb uniform, and on his head is a cap of military fashion which, in spite of his grandeur, he respectfully touches whenever visitors enter his vehicle.

TOMMY : And must they, then, give him money also, Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM : It is not enforced. But I have heard that our American Cousins are sometimes so generous as to do so.

TOMMY : Would they give me money, too, if I dressed up and touched my hat ?

MRS. MARKHAM : No doubt they would, my dear, for they are wonderfully kind; but a gentleman must never ask for money.

TOMMY : Then how on earth is he to obtain it ?

MARY (despairingly) : Oh, dear ! We shall never get on with the Hotels !

MRS. MARKHAM : Yes, indeed, you shall, my dear. Learn, then, that each possesses a large Central Hall known variously as the Palm Court, Divan, or Lounge; names indicative of ease and leisure.

MARY : And are the Palms real, Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM : Yes, my dear; in tubs.

TOMMY : Are there any Camels ?

MRS. MARKHAM : No ! Certainly not ! How could you think of such a thing ! But there is delicious music played very loudly upon the Piano, the Saxophone, Trombones, Cymbals, Drums, and all manner of instruments; so that people may not fall into the ill-bred trick of talking in a subdued voice.

MARY : Why do they play this music, Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM : My dear, it is to gladden the hearts of the sorrowful, to bring an added gaiety to the lighter-hearted, and to spread abroad an atmosphere of refinement and joy. So zealous are the musicians that, at times, in their enthusiasm, they interrupt their performance with loud cries.

MARY : How good and kind the Manager must be to give people all this, Mamma ! And how clever to think of so many things !

MAMMA : My dear, there are none like them. (A pause.)

TOMMY : Is that all you know about Hotels, Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM : Far from it ! The subject is inexhaustible. I might describe to you the gorgeous furniture with which these great Mansions are replete, the manners of their permanent inhabitants, the care that is taken that the guests shall not feel lonely, but shall hear continual shutting and opening and tramping by day as by night; the merry ringing of bells and the familiar shrill calls of messengers; the Travel Bureau, the Information Bureau, the Postal Bureau, the Reception Bureau and all the other Bureaux.

MARY (clasping her hands and casting up her eyes) : Oh, Mamma, it must be like Paradise !

TOMMY (with enthusiasm) : I vow and protest I shall have no peace till I have seen one. I must, I will have a glimpse of such delights.

MRS. MARKHAM (kindly) : Well, I will consider your desires. Perhaps, if you are very good, I will some day take you both by the hand and lead you into one of these places for a few moments; though, of course, we shall not be able to linger there, as that would be against the rules.

TOMMY : Oh, Mamma, I shall dream of it. Believe me, I will be really careful on that occasion to see that my hands are carefully washed.

MARY : And I Mamma, will wear a new frock, if you will be so kind as to provide me with one.

MY COAT

(Translated from *Béranger*)

By HAROLD HODGE

STICK to me, dear worn coat of mine,
Together we grow old;
Ten years I've brushed you clean and fine;
Let Socrates behold.
When fortune sends your threadbare nap
To battle with hard weather,
Put on my philosophic cap;
Old friend, we'll keep together.

I mind, for I mind many days,
The day when first I donned you;
It was my birthday, and your praise
My friends sang as they conned you.
Your penury is yet my boast
And friendship moults no feather;
We're still my cronies' constant toast,
Old friend, we'll keep together.

Have I steeped you in the sickly scents
Of the mirror's fool, the " Nut "?
Have I waited in the great man's tents
For him to scorn your cut?
All France for ribbons suffered whole
Long days of talk; wild heather
Shall decorate your button-hole.
Old friend, we'll keep together.

Don't dread those idle bustling hours,
When like and like we fared;
Those hours of mingled sun and showers,
By pain and pleasure shared.
My coat soon now I must lay by;
I've reached, I think, life's tether;
So wait a while, and when we die,
Old friend, we'll keep together.

EASTER CUSTOMS

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THIS morning, when I ought to have been working, I was looking through the first volume of 'The Every-Day Book,' that compilation by Lamb's friend, Hone. He treats Easter very generously and takes us from "our Saxon ancestors" to the last Greenwich fair, over which the worthy Hone pretends to shake his head. He ends with a poem, apparently of his own composition, entitled 'Independent Men : A Holiday Song.' The first verse runs as follows :

We're independent men, with wives, and sweethearts, by our side,
We've hearts at rest, with health we're bless'd, and, being
Easter tide,
We make our *spring-time* holiday, and take a bit of pleasure,
And gay as May, drive care away, and give to mirth our
leisure.

There is something cynical about those two commas that come before and after "and sweethearts." These, we feel, were independent men indeed, who could have both wives and sweethearts by their side. His account of Easter customs left me in a riot of "pace" eggs and Tansy puddings and gammons of bacon (eaten to defy the Jews) and games of ball. What fun people used to have! In Kent, we are told, young people used to go out holiday-making at this season in public houses to eat "pudding-pies," and this practice is called "going a pudding-pieing." I do not know what a pudding-pie is, but the very name makes the mouth water and would seem to represent a lost ideal, for in our degenerate day a pudding is one thing and a pie is another. I should like to put back the clock, take the Canterbury coach, and go a pudding-pieing.

What a pretty picture we can make of it! We are told that "Pudding-pies and cherry beer usually go together at these feasts. From the inns down the road towards Canterbury, they are frequently brought out to coach travellers with an invitation to 'taste the pudding-pies.'" We are bathed in the brief lovely sunshine of an old April. We go clattering and tantararing in our coach down the Kentish road. The air is filled with the music of the birds. The fields are thick with daisies, the hedge-bottoms with primroses; here and there is a sudden white gleam of wind-flowers; and the orchards are starry with the blossom of the cherry and the plum. Down the long road we go, with great clouds sailing above our heads and a sweet wind of April in our faces, and at last a corner is turned and we find ourselves at an inn. The place is bright with new ribbons and red cheeks, and somebody is playing a fiddle and there is a laughing and a jiggling before the inn door. And now the maids are out, holding up their trays. "Taste the pudding-pies." Already the coachman is waddling away towards some ale and a puff or two at a pipe. We climb down and the next moment have joined in the feast, the feast of pudding-pies and cherry beer, happy travellers that we are. When will Mr. Ford or Mr. Morris of Cowley make us a little car that will run back

through the years, so that we can travel every Easter down the Canterbury road and return to our lost pudding-pies and forgotten cherry beer?

Is there still fun on Easter Monday at Bury St. Edmunds? The 'Every-Day Book' tells us that there "Twelve old women side off for a game at trap-and-ball, which is kept up with the greatest spirit and vigour until sunset." We hear a good deal about the all-conquering sex nowadays, when they are free from the weakness that made their grandmothers so submissive, but how many old women side off for a game at trap-and-ball and keep it up so vigorously till the sun has left the sky? It was also the custom for members of various corporations, mayors and aldermen and solid burgesses, to march out of their towns on this day and play at ball and "join hands with the ladies." It is true that such personages still play at ball, for they may be seen on the golf course at Easter just as they may be seen there at Christmas or Whitsuntide or any other time, but do they still join hands with the ladies? And where is the old Easter custom of "heaving" or "lifting"? It was still in existence a hundred years ago and is described in a letter written by one Thomas Loggan of Basinghall Street. Here is Mr. Loggan's adventure. "I was sitting alone last Easter Tuesday," he writes, "at breakfast at the Talbot in Shrewsbury, when I was surprised by the entrance of all the female servants of the house handing in an armchair, lined with white, and decorated with ribbons and favours of different colours. I asked them what they wanted. Their answer was, they came to *heave* me; it was the custom of the place on that morning, and they hoped I would take a seat in their chair. It was impossible not to comply with a request very modestly made, and to a set of nymphs in their best apparel, and several of them under twenty. I wished to see all the ceremony, and seated myself accordingly. The group then lifted me from the ground, turned the chair about, and I had the felicity of a salute from each. I told them, I supposed there was a fee due upon the occasion, and was answered in the affirmative; and, having satisfied the damsels in this respect, they withdrew to heave others." What fellows our great-grandfathers were, with their "nymphs in their best apparel" and their roguish "under twenty" and their demure "felicity of a salute from each"!

This excellent practice, we are told, was common in many of the counties of the North and West, and as a rule the men "heaved" the women on Easter Monday and the women "heaved" the men on Easter Tuesday, and the kissing was always part of the ceremony. Our forefathers and their ladies were extraordinarily fond of kissing. The Venetian Ambassador noticed that fact, with some enthusiasm, as early as the sixteenth century. Nothing is more remarkable than the total absence from the greater part of the history of the English people of the typical Englishman. The old English were famous for singing and dancing and drinking and playing kiss-in-the-ring or some similar pastime, and all their customs seem to have been free-and-easy, jolly affairs, full of cakes and ale and kissing and having what we might call a "Twelfth Night" atmosphere about them. By the time we

come to the 'Every-Day Book,' these old English were either dead or disreputable. The custom of "heaving" is condemned by Hone, who knew Lamb and therefore ought to have known better. It may, he says, "easily be discountenanced into disuse by opportune and mild persuasion. If the children of ignorant persons be properly taught, they will perceive in adult years the gross follies of their parentage. . . ." That is absurd, but unfortunately it represents the attitude that most of us would have taken at the time and are probably taking towards some things this week. Let us not be deceived by the spurious wisdom that the lapse of a hundred years always confers. Most of us are just the kind of asses we laugh at in old books. But I wish Lamb had commented on friend Hone's solemn remarks on the practice of "heaving." Lamb would have walked miles to have seen Wordsworth or Godwin "heaved" and then saluted by nymphs in their best apparel.

The present Easter customs of the English, whether they live in Kent or Bury St. Edmunds or Shrewsbury, may be quickly enumerated, for they are concerned with rushing about on motor-cycles and in motor-cars, playing golf and tennis and bridge, listening to the wireless, going to the pictures and dancing to the latest tune from America. These are the Easter customs, and also the Christmas and Whitsuntide and Michaelmas customs. They are also the customs of the Americans, the French, the Germans, the Dutch, and the Swedes. So long as we make an exception of the motor-cycle, which is a devilish contrivance, there is much to be said in favour of these things. Motoring and golf and bridge and the wireless and the films and dancing in the manner of the American negro are all excellent, and we would not be without them. It is perhaps comforting to know that this Easter (and Whitsuntide and August and Christmas and New Year) people all over the world will be engaged in changing gears and sounding klaxon horns, in driving off and putting or going three no trumps, in listening to the time signal or the weather forecast, in staring at Miss Gloria Swanson or Mr. Harold Lloyd, in moving the feet and the shoulders in the same way to the same tune, a tune that can be heard from Bristol to Belgrade, Sidney to San Francisco. Nevertheless there is perhaps a shade of monotony to be observed in this worldwide routine of pastimes and pleasures. Poor Hone would find it hard work compiling an Every-Day Book out of us, who have forgotten "the gross follies of our parentage." We shall offer little to those descendants of ours who want subjects for funny little essays and bits of fine writing. But then, like the Utopians they will be, they will not be interested in funny little essays and bits of fine writing. They will have outgrown them just as we have outgrown so much. Only a few old professors and a handful of research students will even remember that there was such a festival as Easter. The rest will only know a numbered week and perhaps hear a faint rumour, coming from far, of wild flowers springing from the earth and birds breaking into song. By that time, even the best of us, your very Conrads and Johns and Holsts, will be only poor ghosts on an old lost road, crying soundlessly to spectral travellers: "Taste our pudding-pies." And nobody will hear, nobody will care.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

* The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

* Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

PRAYER-BOOK REVISION

SIR,—May I make a comment on your statement in your leading article of December 4, 1926? You state that "Evangelicals should remember that nobody proposes to make them do anything in the way of ritual or to subscribe or repudiate any doctrine." This obviously applies to Evangelical clergy, but what of Protestant laymen at the mercy of an Anglo-Catholic priest?

When there is only one church in the parish, and in defiance of lay objectors an Anglo-Catholic priest is appointed, Protestant laymen, who as a matter of conscience cannot subscribe to the doctrine of transubstantiation, have this doctrine imposed upon them in the most sacred service of the Protestant Church. Being thus, as a matter of conscience, debarred from taking part in this service, they are then pilloried either from the pulpit, or in the parish newspaper, as having been guilty of the SIN (always in capital letters) of secession from the Church. This is the position in which thousands of loyal lay Churchmen find themselves to-day. It is a sad day for the Protestant Church when loyal members of that Church find themselves pilloried as "sinners" because of their adherence to Protestant doctrine. Moreover, it is incorrect and misleading to assert in respect of Protestant laymen that "nobody proposes to make them subscribe to any doctrine" when it is a matter of common knowledge that Anglo-Catholic bishops and priests insist on imposing the doctrine of transubstantiation on most reluctant congregations.

I am, etc.,

"A PROTESTANT LAYMAN"

THE VATICAN AND THE ACTION FRANCAISE

SIR,—The "Catholic Englishman" who comments on my article in your issue of March 26 had his choice of two interpretations of my sentence concerning a possible parley between the Vatican and the Royalist leaders. The first and foolish one was to imagine the Pope going out of his way to negotiate with the Duc de Guise. The second, eminently sensible, was to imagine the Duc, a good Catholic who must feel the present situation keenly, approaching the Pope. "Catholic Englishman" has chosen the first interpretation.

He evidently does not realize, as we do in France, that mere Nationalists parading as Catholics do not count in this crisis, but that a number of excellent Catholics, who have a full right to be Royalists if they are so inclined, are now enduring positive moral torture. His chief desire seems to be to show that the "Religious Revival in France is Catholic in name only." He is not the first person calling himself Catholic that I have seen exhibiting this unchristian attitude. As a rule, they are pure and simple gallophobes who certainly have a right to their prejudice—it cannot be called opinion—but with whom it is useless to argue.

Apparently "Catholic Englishman" supposes that I favour the *Action Française*. If he will look up the files of the *Nineteenth Century* (1908 and 1911) he will find that I criticized M. Maurras when it was not so safe to do so as it is to-day, and signed those articles, not with any pseudonym, but with my own name.

I am, etc.,

ERNEST DIMNET

SIR.—May I be allowed to contribute a letter in comment on that of "Catholic Englishman"? I understand, and feel a good deal of sympathy with, his attitude, which evidently arises from a sense of ecclesiastical loyalty; but I would suggest that, as "the worst is the corruption of the best," so even such a sense, as that which he feels, can run into error if carried to excess.

To many of us, such incidents as that of the Papal condemnation of *L'Action Française* seem to approach perilously near to the old (but never rescinded) claim of the Popes to dominate over States, and over literature and thought, even in temporal matters. Such a claim has been the origin of unnumbered evils.

It was the claim expressed by Boniface VIII, in 1302, in his Bull *Unam Sanctam*, in which he declared that the civil power should act "at the beck and permission of the priest" (*ad nutam et patientiam sacerdotis*).

It was the claim which, in 1392, caused our own Parliament to declare (preamble to "Provisors Act," 16 Richard II, cap. 5) that "the laws and statutes of this realm are by the Pope defeated and avoided at his will, to the perpetual destruction of the sovereignty of the King our Lord, his crown and dignity, and of all his realm." It was the claim in reaction against which the "Gallican Liberties" were enacted. It was the claim which causes the Holy See even now to claim a theoretical right of censorship over all books, so that "books condemned by the Apostolic See are to be considered forbidden throughout the entire world; and translations of them are likewise to be considered forbidden": ("A Commentary on the Index." By Rev. T. Hurley, D.D.; Dublin, 1907: p. 236).

It was the claim which caused Pope Leo XIII (*Encyclical Graves de Communi*, January, 1901) to "enjoin, and with greater insistence, that, whatever schemes people take up in the popular cause, whether individually or in association, they should remember that they must be entirely submissive to episcopal authority": (i.e., *ad nutam et patientiam sacerdotis*, 599 years after Boniface VIII—who, being dead, yet spoke!).

I have before me an excellent and very brave book, "Steps Towards Reunion," by the Rev. J. Duggan, then Roman Catholic priest at Maidstone (Kegan Paul, 1897). It was written, needless to say, before Pius X's lamentable Encyclical on Modernism; but, if it is out of print, more's the pity. It is an arsenal of brave logic. Father Duggan said (p. 77):

It will be a step towards reunion if we Catholics acknowledge that there is some truth in the accusations that our enemies bring against us. . . . Disunion comes from rebellion, and rebellion comes from tyranny, and tyranny is only the exaggeration of authority pushed to excess.

And again (p. 87):

It may be said that those who have fallen away from us [from the Roman Church] are rebels. But can it be said that a well-governed people rebels? . . . If the history of the Church shows that there has been misgovernment, tyranny, imprudence, and abuses, these must be the reasons why so large a part of Christendom has thrown off a yoke that should be sweet, and a burden that should be light.

I suggest to "Catholic Englishman" that it is a poor service to the Church—and a mistaken sense of loyalty—to rush eagerly to support Papal or sacerdotal claims which are excessive. Nothing is proved by calling opposition to such claims "defeatism." Opponents might call the claims themselves "clericalism," or "insolent priesthood." No good is done by "calling names." The plain fact remains that the claims are excessive. They override the rights of citizens and the legitimate liberty of opinion. It is very shortsighted on the part of the present French Republic if it is condoning them because they seem asserted against its opponents. The Republic, in that case, must be forgetting that that fact is a

mere accident, and the claims would be turned unhesitatingly *against* the Republic if needful from the point of view of *Curia Romana*. These excessive assertions of authority in temporal affairs are precisely what have driven millions out of the Roman obedience. It is mistaken loyalty to be zealous in their favour.

I am, etc.,
J. W. POYNTER

THE POSITION OF LIBERALISM

SIR,—In your issue of April 2, a writer denied the truth of the Liberal revival, and seemed, like many others, under the misapprehension that Liberalism was a thing of the past. Surely a party, which held office so lately for an unbroken period of ten years, and which brought us successfully through the Great War, cannot have faded into oblivion in the short space of time which has elapsed since their term of office.

Naturally a party cannot hope to be supreme for ever, and it is only reasonable that the nation should give other parties a trial. Labour had their chance in 1924 and failed miserably; Conservatives seem to be doing little better to-day. They have allowed the dole to be disgracefully misused. They have shown a total lack of economy, and in brief it is evident that they are incapable of carrying out the task which England expects of them. Now the nation is just beginning to realize their defects, and is awakening to the fact that it must get someone else to take their place very soon. That it will choose Labour is doubtful, for England is aware that a party which is divided against itself is incapable of bearing upon its shoulders so heavy a burden as that of the government of Great Britain. Who then will they choose but Liberal? This party promises the two things that the Englishman loves best, viz., peace and prosperity.

However, the next General Election will serve to show whether or not England will give Liberalism the chance for which it craves, that of uprooting the tares, which the Labour and Conservative parties have allowed to grow, and of sowing instead the seeds of prosperity.

I am, etc.,
REGINALD L. HOUGHTON
Moor Gate, Gough Road, Edgbaston

[We hope our correspondent will agree that men of goodwill in whatever party desire peace and prosperity for the country. It is one thing to promise it, another to produce it.—ED. S.R.]

THE DOGS' PROTECTION BILL

SIR,—I would like to draw the attention of every dog-lover to the "Dogs' Protection Bill," which comes before Parliament on April 29. Its object is to exempt dogs from vivisection and inoculation experiment. The dog, by reason of its sensitiveness and its close association with man, has a special claim to his protection. The general public do not realize the extent of this practice of experimenting on animals and the suffering involved. The Home Office records over 200,000 experiments on animals in 1925, of which 1,954 were on cats and dogs. The *Lancet* of July 3, 1926, gives an account of experiments on dogs in which they were dosed with a poisonous drug. It says:

A dose of 3.5 g. given to a dog weighing 7 kilos resulted in death after 16 hours. The following symptoms were observed: weakness (animal could not sit), fall of blood pressure, diarrhoea, vomiting, and convulsions. Post-mortem examination revealed intense congestion of the liver and kidneys, these viscera being almost black; the heart was dilated, the bladder contained some blood-stained urine; the lungs were bright pink.

The *Lancet* of March 13, 1926, describes experiments on cats in which "celluloid windows" were inserted in the animals' sides in order to observe the spleen which had been "withdrawn from the abdomen." These cats were kept alive for a fortnight.

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The ordinary person committing cruelties like these would be severely punished by the law. Everyone interested in this question should immediately write to their Member urging him to support the Bill.

I am, etc.,
VERA LEA

61 Hanger Hill, Ealing, W.5

SIR,—The object of this Bill, which Sir Robert Gower, M.P., Chairman of the Council of the National Canine Defence League, hopes to introduce early in the new Session, is to secure the exemption of dogs from being used as subjects for vivisection experiments. It will be backed by the following Members of Parliament: Col. T. C. R. Moore, C.B.E., Mr. F. A. McQuisten, K.C., Mr. E. Thurtle, Capt. Arthur Evans, Mr. Thomas Sexton, C.B.E., Mr. G. W. H. Jones, LL.B.

It is claimed by promoters of the Bill, that the unique position dogs hold among animals in human sympathy by reason of their long and intimate association with the human race, and the high level of domestication resulting from it, entitles them to such degree of consideration, even if the moral which is synonymous with the vital evolution of the human species be really possible of promotion by vivisection.

Mr. C. E. Ash, in his comprehensive work, 'Dogs, Their History and Development,' we are told by reviewers in the Press, deals with the subject of the origin of dogs exhaustively but inconclusively. This, they say, could not have been otherwise, for there is no record of a time in the history of the human race when man and dog were not associated.

Many advanced thinkers hold that all life is one—an ultimate continuous unity—and that although the hiatus between human and the highest forms of animal consciousness is so wide as to be directly impassable, there is indirectly an ultimate point of synthetic continuity connecting them.

Those who wish to advance the cause of humanity by helping this Bill to become Law should co-operate with the National Canine Defence League, Victoria Station House, London, S.W.1, which is engineering it, and from which literature explaining the objects, bearings, and other collateral relations of it can be obtained, and of which Lord Lamourne is president.

I am, etc.,
M. L. JOHNSON

6 The Polygon, Clifton, Bristol

SERVANTS

SIR,—“Cornelius” puts the whole matter into a nutshell: “Let a happy state exist between family and servants, and it [class consciousness] cannot thrive.” To this I would add: A householder gets the service he deserves.

Domestic servants have been ridiculed and abused ever since the days of the earliest writers. Domestic servants are in good company. “Great kings, dukes, and lords,” bishops and parsons, editors and composers, judges and lawyers, merchants and office boys, policemen, tradesmen, plumbers, bricklayers, and finally, panel doctors, to which humble tribe I belong, have ever been the objects of abuse and ridicule.

I do not think it does us any harm, but I do think that Mr. Priestley is unduly hard on the South Midland servant. Some thirty years ago I married, and set up housekeeping, in a South Midland town. Our experience of servants (we have not had many) has been that they are, for the most part, honest, sober, industrious, clean, cheerful and polite without the slightest trace of servility. In my long experience as a general practitioner I find all these to be common characteristics of the class from which servants are drawn. It may perhaps shock Mr. Priestley, the last of the democrats, to know that the men about here often touch their hats and address one as “Sir”;

this they do with a friendly smile. I do not think they put out their tongues afterwards.

Mr. Priestley confesses that he does not understand us. This is obvious. He proclaims himself congenitally “axine.” In both his articles he rejoices in ‘eaving’ alf a brick at the straänger. I think he is unwise in carrying his load of half bricks into the strangers’ country. I do not mean that he is likely to suffer any harm, but that he is wasting his time. Southern heads are thick. Would not Mr. Priestley be happier back in the strenuous North, where the people are “grudging and surly” in their attitude towards strangers?

I am, etc.,
“PANEL”

SIR,—Your correspondent “Cornelius” sums up the servant problem under the heading of ‘Class Consciousness.’ I wish the difficulty were as simple. What wears down the modern housewife, so that her life becomes a burden, is the complete callousness of average modern servants. They receive everything, and give virtually nothing in return.

The damage done in breakages very often amounts to more than their wages. Their extravagance is heartless, and their carelessness gross, so much so that for want of a little thought they burn down the houses of their employers. With good food and light work their spirits are so high that the mistress of the house, crushed by the work and worry they entail, cannot rest for the ceaseless chatter and song and inordinate mirth from behind the kitchen doors, making life hideous, from which in a small house there is no escape. She retires to bed, defeated, to find a tepid “hot water” bottle in her bed, and a cold bath. There have been so many distractions downstairs that the comfort of the mistress is neglected and forgotten.

If they would earn their wages and do their work honestly and conscientiously there would be a different spirit in the country altogether, and a greater prospect of real happiness both for employer and employed.

I am, etc.,
C. R. R.

ARE WE MUSICAL?

SIR,—I wish some abler pen than mine would comment on the remarkable contrast taking place just now in the musical world of London. Queen’s Hall, we are told, is about to be closed, because there are not sufficient music-lovers in London to support it. London, we are assured, is unmusical. Yet never before, I venture to assert, has there been so much good music offered to London both last week and this. Not only at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul’s, but at several City and West End churches Bach’s ‘Passions’ are being given, and there are numerous concerts where other classical music is offered. The whole state of things is so contradictory that it would be interesting to have an interpretation of it by someone having authority to speak—say the Music Critic of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

I am, etc.,
“A MINOR”

P'S AND Q'S

SIR,—Can you tell me who was the author of the phrase, “A wise scepticism is the first attitude of a good critic”?

PETER TURNER

SIR,—I should be grateful if any of your readers could explain for my benefit the origin and meaning of the expression, “agony” column, as applied to a certain advertising column in *The Times*.

W. H. BRADEN

RUBENS AND HORACE

SIR,—The correct reading of the quotation from Horace is: "Pergis pugnantia secum frontibus adversis componere," and is from Sat. I, 102-103.

I would suggest that the quotation was varied by Rubens merely to illustrate his point.

"DOWEGIAN"

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Anthony Bertram's question in your issue of the 9th, "pergis pugnantia secum frontibus adversis componere" is from Horace, Sat. I, 1, 102-3.

Rubens's *pergimus*, etc., is not a variant, but an adaptation. Horace says: "You combine opposites." Rubens wishes to say: "We are inconsistent," or the like, and uses a Horatian tag, as was often done in seventeenth-century Latin, and not in that only.

Mr. Bertram will find one of the larger Latin dictionaries (e.g., Lewis and Short) more useful for looking up quotations, since it will give the exact reference, not merely the author's name. For quotations of a proverbial turn, Otto's *Latinische Sprichwörter* is valuable.

H. J. ROSE

TRAVEL IN NORWAY

SIR,—As far as I am aware there is no really good History of Norway in the English language. Perhaps the best of a poor lot is the volume "Norway" [in "Story of the Nations" series] written nearly thirty years ago by Professor Hjalmar Boyesen and based mainly on the Sagas. The book suffers from two serious defects: (1) the self-imposed omission to deal with the growth of institutions or with sociological phenomena. (2) the old-fashioned ethnological data—relics of the old "literary" ethnology. Much historical information will be found tucked away in T. F. Bumpus's book "The Cathedrals and Churches of Norway."

"TOURNEBROCHE"

A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS

SIR,—In your last issue "Tournebroche" quotes Louis XIV as making use of the famous term, "A Nation of Shopkeepers." The phrase that Louis used was, I believe, "Messieurs les Merchants."

KENNETH C. BANKS

THE THEATRE
HEARTLESS HOUSE

BY IVOR BROWN

The Constant Wife. By W. Somerset Maugham. The Strand Theatre.

Der Weibsteufel. By Karl Schönherr. Translated by Graham and Tristan Rawson. Performed by the Stage Society. April 10-11.

M R. MAUGHAM is usually to be thanked for his relentless, like the consuls who did not spare the republic. He conceives humanity almost in terms of metal; so they are forged and so they endure. His new characters, like many of his old, are without emotion. My qualification "almost" is due to their possession of, or by, desire. The men want women and the women, a shade more ambitious, want men and pearls. As they are all in the comfortable set and have never come within working distance of oven or dish-cloth, they can hardly be said to want comfort. It is there and it is theirs. For the rest, they seem to want heaven as little as they fear hell. Ardours, endurances, and ecstasies are not for them. Like the rakes of Restoration drama they are touched by a single impulse and even here one is forced to doubt sincerity. Did Wycherley's Mr. Horner really desire all his victims or did he merely

desire the thought of conquest? I often think that all that chatter about cuckolds was rather less serious to Horner than golf-talk to ourselves. Eagerness to excel is natural and the current mode of supremacy was in clandestine adultery. Now a prosperous citizen has his alternative at Walton Heath. He has other lists than those of the Divorce Court in which to joust with his neighbour, but in both cases a pastime and a passion are confused.

Mr. Horner was genuine in wanting to be champion of his craft. But what of Mr. Maugham's Mr. Middleton, famous surgeon of Harley Street? He did not seem to be a grand lover or a regular Turk. Had he been in the habit of contributing poetic truth to inquisitive books of reference he could hardly have begun "Priapus my father, Libitina my mother." One did not conceive him on that scale. Yet he would lie to his attractive and intelligent wife in order to visit the idiotic Mrs. Durham. Was he happily, wholeheartedly faithless? One hardly thought so. His amorous adventures seemed only an affection. Had somebody prompted him he might have fallen more deeply in love with a mashie. That is a pity, for there is something dull about casual lechery untouched by Horner's diablerie or a Don Juanish conviction.

Constance, Mrs. Middleton, on the other hand, had convictions. Though undoubtedly voicing the last cry in her clothes, she had, after hard process of thought, reached an intellectual position. It was the kind of position that might have been established by a formidable young Fabian round about 1890. Marriage, she thought, is my trade. John Middleton has bought me. If he can afford to pay for a mistress as well, it is his right. But if I can earn a living and can afford to pay my whack of the bills, then I can take a lover. It is my right. On this economic interpretation of holy wedlock she acted. When John was in hot water with Mr. Durham *re* Mrs. Durham, Constance stooped to fish him out. Then she went into the business of household decoration on fashionable and remarkably remunerative lines and, having made fourteen-hundred pounds in the first year, paid John a thousand for the house expenses and went off to Italy with her lover and the odd four hundred in her pocket, vowing to return in six weeks. For a moment or two John's blood became tepid, but he soon cooled and offered to accept her conditions and begin another matrimonial term after the vacation.

Is it worth arguing over such a collection of inhumans? Would ever a wife live up (or down) to her logic like Constance Middleton, who took her husband's adultery without a touch of emotion and even rescued him by lying in public merely to uphold an abstract equation of marriage and money? The Middletons had a child at school. Yet for neither parent did the existence of the child appear to have the least consequence. Fay's mother used to drop in periodically in order to announce that men were deceivers ever and that only a foolish wife would bother for a moment about a mistress or a covey of mistresses behind the arras. Is it in the least use protesting that it is not done, that even Mr. Horner's company, with its rivalries of concupiscence, is more natural than this ungallant clique for whom fire is ice and ice has lost its sheen?

It must be said on Mr. Maugham's behalf that he does not turn his ice into ice-cream. Nothing is more dismal (and few things are more common) than the play or book in which the author who has come to shock remains to soothe. Mr. Maugham is not of that kind. There are no cowardly mitigations. He abides by his Heartless House; when he elects to be sardonic he sees it through. He is as true to his convention of characterless character as Constance Middleton is true to her financial computations about man and wife. "The Constant Wife" suffers nothing by inconstancy in the writer. But the dramatist who thus rejects reality must have the substitute. A

seeming originality of plot, a new and notable turn of phrase, a peculiar pungency of wit, or a miraculous gloss upon the acting—any of these may save him. But Mr. Maugham was out of form when he wrote 'The Constant Wife.' The dialogue does not crackle. Mr. Dean's production was neat, but it could not cure a deficient vitality in epigrams which suffered from over-crowding. Moreover, the play was miscast.

Miss Fay Compton and Mr. Leon Quartermaine have given us some extremely fine stage-partnerships. He has a leaping flame of style, she a gentle radiance. If we are to see them at their best he must attack and she defend. But on this occasion she must be as cool and callous a customer as ever tied up her marriage-lines in a syllogism and turned the Book of Love into a primer of financial arithmetic, while he has simply to philander without conviction and surrender without a fight. Nothing more, perhaps, could have been done with the empty, ugly part of John Middleton. In that case a fine actor was wasted. For the highly argumentative Constance, who has a tiresome and reiterative part, a harder personality than Miss Compton's was needed. The others had an easier time. Miss Marda Vanne is an actress of extreme flexibility. She changes style, looks, and mood for every part she plays, and again she was brilliantly not herself. Miss Heather Thatcher, as Mrs. Durham, was entertaining in vapidly, Miss Mary Jerrold was sharp in worldly wisdom, while Mr. Paul Cavenagh gave substance to a shadow as the lover bought and paid for by Mrs. Middleton.

Herr Schönher's Tyrol seemed far nearer to London than Mr. Maugham's Harley Street. The latter was caught in a psychological glacier; the snowy peaks of the former looked down on a warmth of actuality. There were only three characters. A peasant, busy in a small way of smuggling, set his wife to trap the excise officer, who came upon the scene with some idea of trapping the wife's affection the better to enmesh the husband's illicit trading. Thus the devil-in-woman had its tail twisted by two hands at once and might well be excused for turning restless. The peasant was a feeble creature; the wife resented her childlessness; the excise-man was a lump of solid muscle and more tractable passions. The story, which was strongly and swiftly told, centred round the wife's progress from being a simpleton by the hearth to fiery possession by a sense of sex and power.

It was a good piece for the actors, each part being definite and each developing under stress of circumstance. Mr. Brember Wills and Mr. Douglas Burbridge did well at their ends of the triangle. Miss Marie Ney's portrayal of the wife was an excellent piece of *crescendo*; she conveyed perfectly the sense of a devilry latent, then stirring, and finally released in fury. It was acting of the most vivid and varied kind, subtle in detail and yet big with a driving emotional force that is rarely wanted in these days when Heartless House is the headquarters of theatrical fashion.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—59

SET BY ROSE MACAULAY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best answer, not exceeding 400 words, to the question: Which do you consider to be at the present time the more incompetent, literary or dramatic criticism? Give a brief statement of what, in your view, should be the aims of each.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for not more than sixteen lines of verse written by a gentleman or lady about to suffer burning for heretical opinions.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 59a, or LITERARY 59b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, April 25, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 57

SET BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an onomatopoeic poem of not more than 20 lines on the street noises of London.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the most forcible letter written to 'The Times' either for or against a proposed tax on Beards. The letter must not exceed 300 words.

We have received the following report from Mr. Bertram, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. BERTRAM

57A. The results of this competition were disappointing. Several competitors failed to realize that in so short a poem it was essential to deal with the most typical noises of the most typical streets of London. The cries of lavender to which many competitors alluded are only heard in the old squares of Bloomsbury and such districts, or, maybe, in the suburbs. They do not come within twenty lines of London's essential noises. I have recommended Pibwob for the first prize, though his opening image is terribly untrue. Neither the drays nor their drivers in Covent Garden make any noise remotely suggestive of the thrush. But the verses swing along well enough. J. H. E. Muse, whom I recommend for second prize, has taken liberties, but he is amusing and within his rights. Rachel Swete Macnamara is honourably mentioned, particularly for the phrase "metalled maze" for tram lines; Lester Ralph, particularly for:

... Torn-to-strips-calico sound
of the tyre-distressed ground.

and

the road breakers' Pup-pup-pup, Swisshyer and smirch yer
With dust and the gravel-crash, Bang! Did-it-'urt-yer?
and Michael Redgrave, for his last line:

And the beastly slimy slither of his macintosh.

THE WINNING ENTRY

There's the earliest murmur: hark! it breathes in
Covent Garden Market,
Like a herald thrush in Surrey fields ere yet the
morning breaks.

And the signal stirs new noises : London lifts her myriad voices,
And the dawn comes up like thunder as she wakes.
Workmen's trams begin their clanging down reverberating roads,
And the banging milk-floats shattering silence with their clattering loads.
And the whistling train comes clanking from suburban abodes,
And the strident din sepulchral in the tube the typist takes.

You may hear the blatant syren with its lungs of steel and iron,
And in London Pool the hooting of the tug-boats' repartee :
Then the harsh ear-splitting clamour of the stridulous trip-hammer,
And the black steam-roller's dull cacophony.
There's no speaking in the shrieking lift, or in the clangorous bus,
Now all is boom and uproar, creaking discord noise and fuss.
London's restless human drudges face their dabbling bustle thus—
While London's sleepless river flows in silence to the sea.

PIBWOB

SECOND PRIZE

Whirr—Clang—Dong—Honk, and stottering Goom
By Thames proclaim that Dawn is near;
The Streets of London answer "Zoom"
To greet the syren's zingful cheer.

Fallutin Feet with yaffled plop
And yarking cries of Garaged Fiends
Resound, and half the world apop
A war on Slumber's State commands.

With twinklin' toot and song-ken horn
Young Roadsters vie with giants now
And whoffling down the streets are born
A myriad wheels in humming row.

The gibberish Jaws of London's Day
Now ponderous yawn—the froomish yank
Of hammers on the scaffold way
United to the crapping plank

Joins in the runkle boom below
Where stirring paper-sellers yarl
The latest news for men to know
Amid the Traffick's suffering snarl.

J. H. E. MUSE

57B. The better group of competitors in this competition were, I think, excellent; the others mostly very poor.

Numbers of competitors in this competition did not seem to grasp its point. They did not see that the tax on beards was essentially ludicrous and that the idea was to elicit a parody of letters to *The Times*. I received the most solemn, tabulated arguments for and against such a measure. However, a number of competitors did excellently well and I have had some difficulty in deciding on the two to recommend for prizes. Gordon Daviot is sublimely true to type and, I think, faultless. I therefore recommend him for first prize. Marion Peacock suggests a character (a most important part of parody) and is amusing. I regret the dog licence joke, which is a little cheap. Therefore I put her second. R. H. Pomfret sent a very amusing entry which I will ask the Editor to print in full. Others whom I reserve for honourable mention are Lester Ralph, Miss A. Verne, Non Omnia and M. E. Riley.

THE WINNING ENTRY

SIR.—The monstrous proposition to tax beards strikes at the very roots of our national growth. It is

an iniquitous and irresponsible measure fathered by the effeminate tendency of the age and sponsored by an envious rabble of babe-faced half-wits, who spend the invaluable first moments of the day in the languid elimination of the incipient evidences of their manliness instead of in the bodily exercise that true masculinity demands.

I submit, Sir, that once this inexplicable craze for the mutilation of what is one of man's noblest attributes is brought to an end man will be reclothed in the authority which he has lost and with his regained dignity will take once more his proper place as the master sex. Who fears the wrath of a beardless Moses, the dash of a smooth-faced Drake?

Then how, Sir, is the country to be dragged from its slough of effeminacy? Not, surely, by allowing an enfeebled and frivolous majority to tyrannize over the virile few!

I am, Sir,
BARBATUS
GORDON DAVIOT

SECOND PRIZE

SIR.—I am a Spinster of fifty-three, and you wouldn't think beards concerned me, not having one of my own (indeed I hope never to wear anything so unmanly with all these new chemical preparations on the market) but I wish to protest strongly against this tax on behalf of a dear friend, Churchwarden Willie Pard (not his real surname, of course).

Sir, Mr. Pard's beard is his glory, a thing of beauty and a joy for Eva (pardon the little joke, it is my name) and the man who proposes to tax it and beards in general is a knave and a foul fellow. Let him gather his filthy lucre from the shingled head of Modern Woman. I feel quite hysterical at the mere idea, and if Mr. W. P., and those similarly bearded, are to be deprived of their small change, money which undoubtedly goes into the church offertory, I warn you I shall not Vote at the next election. In fact, I would rather pay the tax for Mr. Pard, so could you arrange to have it sent me under cover of an All-in Dog Licence or something of the sort?

Perhaps the contemptible man who proposed this tax will remember it's one thing for Daniel to beard lions in a den, but another for a Mean Cad to beard an Englishman on his beard.

Yours bitterly,
EVA DRIBBLE
MARION PEACOCK

HONOURABLE MENTION

SIR.—The nation that would stand meekly by and see that outward indication of a noble mind, the beard, taxed ruthlessly out of existence could only be a nation fast reverting to barbarism. (I mean no pun, sir!) Such a condition, I can assure your misguided correspondent, Ajax, is *not*, and will not be, existent in England!

The objections to such a tax must be based, primarily, not on financial grounds (grave as these are) but on the far more vital ones of aesthetics and intellect.

With misgivings, I ask Ajax to ponder Samson-Saint-Saens, and their combined effect on our musical life. A Biblical Ajax would have denied the world the story of Samson's beard by taxing it from under his very nose, and fair Delilah's scissors would have rusted in their sheath.

I bid him consider the Elizabethan sea-dogs and the possible loss of an imperishable epic if King Philip of Spain had had no beard wagging in Cadiz harbour for the first swashbuckling spirit to come along and singe.

And finally, I ask him to survey our modern literature, the works of Mr. . . . and Mr. . . . how the beards of the Victorians rouse them to heights of invective and satire unequalled since the days of Pope; and the works of Mrs. . . . and ten thousand more, the verisimilitude of whose desert dialect rests largely on references to the beard of Mahomet.

Ajax—surely an Imperialist gone crazy—will doubtless refute any suggestion that he is an enemy of the beard, but his anonymity is too incomplete to screen him. A man who writes from Sheffield on the subject of taxing beards stands self-condemned!

I am, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
PARD

COMPETITION 57B

The ballot for the second prize winner in this competition resulted in a win, by a large majority, for Miss Rachel Swete Macnamara, who has accordingly been awarded the prize.

BACK NUMBERS—XIX

HERE are two conceptions of literary history, one according to which the whole "literature of knowledge," so that it possess a minimum of literary merit, is regarded as falling within the historian's province, the other according to which he need deal only with the "literature of power." For myself, I confess to a preference for the latter conception, if only because it is so difficult, when the "literature of knowledge" is once admitted, to draw the line. Take history proper. Gibbon is unquestionably literature, and great literature, but at what point, as we descend the scale, are we to stop, on a decision that all below it is unworthy of criticism as a work of art? Take philosophy, or science. We know that even a book on logic can be literature, as witness the work of Mansel, with whom precision results at times in a severe beauty. But where are we to set up the boundary?

* * *

No doubt a very exceptional historian of literature might draw his arbitrary lines well enough to leave us in the main satisfied. Indeed, the thing has been done with startling success in a series of volumes still not adequately honoured, the volumes in which Mr. Oliver Elton has produced a masterly 'Survey of English Literature.' There we find again and again names unusual in works of the kind, and in almost every instance their inclusion is justified. But in general the attempt to interpret the term, literature, so generously as all that results in disaster or at least in confusion, the aesthetic test being applied till a minor writer, but in his own department important specialist, comes into view, and then laid aside, to be reapplied when a poet or essayist claims attention.

* * *

For all the not unreasonable prejudice just avowed, however, I should quarrel with any history of modern English literature which ignored or passed lightly over Huxley. Simply as writing, a great deal of his work is in its way unsurpassable. There is no question of purple patches, legitimate or illegitimate. It may safely be assumed that nowhere in Huxley is there the equivalent of that really beautiful, though in its place perhaps censorable, sentence by Sir William Rowan Hamilton, the inventor of Quaternions, on sunrise. But the lucidity, exactitude, point and energy of his writing are such as any master of expository and controversial prose might envy.

* * *

Probably the best sample of Huxley for the ordinary reader is the 'Lay Sermons' of 1870. From the point of view of those who read the volume primarily for its scientific substance it is obviously open to a great deal of hostile criticism. It was disconcerting even then, and is still more so now, to be told that "the mathematician deals with two properties of objects only, number and extension, and all the inductions he needs have been formed and finished long ago." It is odd to find the author of such a saying convinced on a later page that "the methods in all sciences are identical." It is oddest of all to come on a prediction that what happened with the mathematician at some unspecified but early stage in the progress of science will happen with the biologist in some remote future, when "his science will be as deductive and as exact as the mathematics themselves."

* * *

Huxley's dealings with mathematics in those days—I do not know, in my ignorance of such high matters,

whether he modified his opinions—had drawn on him an attack by Professor Sylvester. He thought to turn it aside by remarking that "the dictum of a mathematical atheist upon a difficult problem which mathematics offers to philosophy has no more special weight than the verdict of that great pedestrian, Captain Barclay, would have had in settling a disputed point in the physiology of locomotion." Certainly, philosophy holds rule over the collective departments of special science, but philosophy itself has first to be supplied with the facts and ideas on which it works by the specialists in each department. Over the whole intellectual world, logic operates, its own processes being introspectively carried on under its own supervision. And it was curiously anomalous of Huxley to write as if logic were to be extruded beyond the distinctive pale of science.

* * *

Exaggerations, misunderstandings and inconsistencies of these kinds did not escape the eyes of reviewers in 1870, and the SATURDAY had its own sharp words to say about some of them then. My predecessor of that date warned Huxley against the error of supposing that "the whole empire of the intellect lies at his feet, and that the processes or laws of which he well knows the power and the subtlety are co-extensive with the constitution of philosophy itself." But there are in 'Lay Sermons' other things to trouble the reader. That Huxley was a very human, and in many relations a very lovable, man is well enough known. But here we have him not merely resigning himself to moral automatism but eagerly contemplating it. "I protest that if some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do always what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer." What meaning could we possibly attach to morality in such a connexion? What sort of "liberty" would that be which excluded liberty to do wrong? In what sense would the puppet be human?

* * *

Yet how little, after all, all that matters! The controversies peculiar to the period in which Huxley wrote are dead, but that excellent prose of his survives. A lecture on a piece of chalk, where philosophy can be done without, becomes with him as satisfying in its way as a perfect critical essay is in another. The writer's vivid interest in his subject, his eager concern to take his readers with him, the clarity of each well-proportioned sentence, the happiness of such imagery as he allows himself, make a piece like that a great success. It is the new writing on a broomstick, more of a triumph than the old, for it does not reduce its subject to a mere pretext, but grapples with it gladly, and extorts from it a surprising wealth of ideas.

* * *

Where Huxley now ranks as a scientist is a question which it is altogether beyond my competence to answer, but that he should rank higher than he does as a writer seems to me clear. The qualities which distinguish his prose have never been common among any class of writers, and among scientific writers they have very rarely been cultivated. He is one of those who remind us that, whatever further merits a writer may achieve with luck and labour, the fundamental thing is exactitude in expression. No reader of Huxley's essays can ever have felt doubt of his meaning or that dreadful sensation of being pelted with mere words; few can have failed to feel the writer's own delight in the energetic conduct of an argument where no single word is directly expressive of exultation, but which is none the less exultant. STET.

REVIEWS

TIME

By EDWARD SHANKS

An Experiment with Time. By J. W. Dunne. Black. 8s. 6d.

M R. DUNNE quotes with approval Mr. H. G. Wells in that peculiar little book 'The Time Machine,' which is, as you choose to take it, a "thriller," a brain-teaser or a poem. And as the passage he quotes puts the kernel of his book very neatly I will take it from him: "There can be no such thing as an instantaneous cube . . . any real body must have Length, Breadth, Thickness and . . . Duration." Mr. Wells's Time Traveller invented a machine which enabled him to move in the fourth of these dimensions. It had levers, a saddle on which the traveller sat, and dials which recorded the time travelled. He might have used it to go back into the past. He did use it in fact only to explore the future (how characteristic of Mr. Wells!) and to return to his own day—a little late for dinner. In a very early draft of this story, there was a house which had some centuries before acquired the reputation of being haunted owing to the backward visits of the Time Traveller.

All this sets the brain whirling as soon as one tries to think it out, and only Mr. Wells's marvellous sleight-of-hand, never surpassed in any book, not even by himself, carries the reader on, confident and unpuzzled. Mr. Dunne does not, of course, attempt any sleight-of-hand. His book is a record of certain curious experiences, mostly his own, followed by the deduction he makes from them. The experiences, though here and there open to criticism, are profoundly interesting. Whatever explanation may be found for them, they appear to have a real evidential value, and it is to be hoped that other persons, with other theories or with none, may be induced to look further into them. Of Mr. Dunne's own explanation, I shall say as little as I can. So far as I can follow it, it does not greatly impress me, but I confess that I cannot follow it very far.

The experiences consist of sleeping dreams or waking visions which seem to have foretold the future. There is something impressive in the fact that they never foretold the future to anyone's advantage. One of the persons whom Mr. Dunne persuaded to join in his inquiries:

entered upon the experiment with considerable interest. He pointed out that, if there were anything in this business, it might mean the spotting of a Derby winner. He finished, satisfied that I was perfectly right, but also satisfied, I am afraid, that the dreaming mind did not properly understand its business.

So much it is necessary to say in order to dispose of any possible impression that Mr. Dunne is a quack or a charlatan. He may be a crank. He seems to have a natural tendency towards crankiness which made him one of the most considerable (and now one of the most unjustly neglected) figures in the early history of aviation. But cranks are valuable people, and what Mr. Dunne has found in his dreams has, at first sight, enough value to deserve full investigation.

The sum of his discovery is this. We have long known that our dreams frequently represent past events, more or less distorted, or, as the psychoanalysts would say, make use of them for symbolical purposes. Mr. Dunne claims to have discovered that they make use of future events in precisely the same way. I shall best explain his argument by quoting one of his illustrations, an experience of a friend who made the experiment for him:

Counting the experiment as starting from the first dream, she obtained, on the sixth day, the following result.

Waiting at Plymouth station for a train, she walked up to one end of a platform and came upon a five- or six-barred gate leading on to a road. As she reached the gate a man passed on the other side, driving three brown cows. He was holding the stick out over the cows in a peculiar fashion, as if it were a fishing-rod.

In the dream, she walked up a path she knew, and found, to her great surprise, that it ended in a five- or six-barred gate which had no business to be there. The gate was just like the one at the station, and, as she reached it, the man and the three brown cows passed on the other side, exactly as in the waking experience.

The blending of the "past" image of the path with the "future" image of the gate provided an excellent specimen of integration.

Almost all Mr. Dunne's instances are of incidents as trivial as this, all of them show a similar distortion of the waking event, and in many of them there is a similar mixture of past and future. All of them are, of course, open to the same objection. The memories of dreams make a highly plastic material and, as psycho-analysts have discovered, respond only too readily to the efforts of those who strive to retain them for a specific purpose. We must not dismiss from our minds the possibility that Mr. Dunne and his friends may have affected the material by their eagerness to prove a theory which some chance had suggested to him.

We must not dismiss it from our minds: we must not on the other hand rashly accept it as anything more than a possibility. Of Mr. Dunne's honesty, it hardly needs saying, there can be no doubt at all, nor will any reader of this book doubt either his full candour or his common sense. But the explorer of the unknown is left without checks when his unknown region is psychical. Mr. Dunne, the inventor of the automatically stable aeroplane, had his enthusiasm in those investigations subject to the inexorable check of physical facts. His aeroplane was stable or it was not. But when he investigates these peculiar operations of the mind he is venturing in a region where the only check is the very thing which is being investigated. The most that can be said is that he has made out a serious case.

When he goes further, to argue, if I understand him rightly (and I am by no means sure that I do), that time is in literal truth merely a dimension and that all events of the past and future are in a literal sense equally within reach of our minds as Warsaw and Los Angeles are within reach of our bodies, then my reason flinches from the argument. Here, I suspect, we are reaching the limits of the human brain, the point where it can do no more than frantically beat its wings against the bars of an invisible cage.

JOHN OF EPHESUS

The Johannine Writings: A Study of the Apocalypse and the Fourth Gospel. By J. Estlin Carpenter. Constable. 30s.

THE early history of the Christian movement, even inside the New Testament period, offers a series of fascinating paradoxes. The Gospel preached in the Galilean countryside sets forth, as though by some migratory instinct, for the great municipal and industrial centres on which the imperial civilization rested, and has never been quite at home among the country folk. An Oriental religion so allies itself with the politics and thought of the West that it comes to the East now as an alien thing. A Jewish religion seeks to establish itself in the great centres of Greek and Latin culture and—in the often-quoted words of Harnack—has never taken root in Jewish soil. Within thirty years of the Founder's death there

is a chain of Christian communities all along the great arterial routes from Antioch on the Orontes to the capital, and Jerusalem was already a backwater. This was, of course, very largely the achievement of the Apostle to the Gentiles. But the very magnitude of his success involved the nascent Church in enormous difficulties. A Jewish religion could not commend itself to the hearts and minds of Gentile inquirers if it were presented in Judaic thought-forms. The content of the earliest "Good news" was that "the Messiah is Jesus," and that at the imminent Parousia He would come to end the existing world-order, to administer judgment as Vicegerent of God and establish the new age of righteousness, that Reign of God which He had Himself proclaimed. This was the faith of the converts from Judaism.

But not even the earliest Pauline communities were recruited exclusively from Jews. They also comprised, as the Epistles make clear, many members (and these were often the majority) who had been brought up in what the Jew thought "Paganism." And to them the Messianic category, and the Parousia-hope which went with it, were if not entirely meaningless at least without any real religious content. The original presentation of the Gospel had to be rethought and retranslated before it could serve as a faith for the Empire, it had to be rescued from the keeping of a single religion and a single people before it could clothe itself in a Catholic Church. And even within the New Testament literature a long stretch of that road was travelled. Paul himself gave an adventurous lead; and if 'Ephesians' is rightly ascribed to him we can see that his thought had moved, by the end of his life, from the crude eschatology of 'Thessalonians' to the magnificent conception of the Spirit in the hearts of believers organizing a Universal Church. The best commentary on this development is the Fourth, 'Ephesian' Gospel, in which the process reaches its climax in the great affirmations of the Prologue. In this superb meditation on the significance of Jesus, the Christ of maturing Christian experience speaks from the heart of the Community as the Giver of Life, Truth and Light—no longer the Founder of a new religion but the Source of Religion, in its essence. The modern place-name of the deserted ruins which mark what was the Metropolis of Asia enshrines the fame of this unknown writer, the "holy theologian"—Ayasaluk (*Hagios Theologos*).

For here is another of our paradoxes. The man who did more than any other thinker to mould the traditional thought of Christendom must now be confessed to be the Great Unknown. There are to-day few scholars of the first rank—though Bishops Gore and Temple are among them—who can ascribe this book to the Son of Zebedee. Who was the author? Was he "John the Elder"? It has yet to be proved that there was such a person. Was he, perhaps, a beloved disciple, not of Galilean origin, who subsequently migrated to Asia Minor; or perhaps, as others hold, his amanuensis? The evidence cannot be held to be conclusive. There are literally scores of speculations, none of them altogether satisfying. "St. John" is for us the author of the Gospel, and this Gospel was written by Ephesian John. There we must leave it: we know not who he was, but he wrote the greatest book in the New Testament, the Charter of a Universal Church.

But Jewish Christianity did not disappear without a swan-song. As the Fourth Gospel is the terminal point of the line that leads to the thought of the West, so does the line of Judaic interpretation end in the work of another unknown John—John the Seer, the author of the Apocalypse. This mysterious work is thus explained. It represents the stock material of the Jewish apocalyptic literature drawn from many heterogeneous sources—Babylonian, Persian, Hellenistic—as well as from the classical Hebrew

prophets, worked over and recast by a Jewish Christian to express in bewildering vision and glorious phrase what he had found and experienced in Christ. The works of these two unidentified writers are complementary to one another.

Both are the products of the school of Ephesus, a city which was, both for Church and Empire, second only to Rome itself in importance. Ephesus was the Bombay of the ancient world as Corinth was, roughly, the Port Said. From it radiated out all the imperial communications eastward; it was the port of landing for the East. Through it passed all the eastern trade and all the thronging Oriental influences on their way to the capital of the West. From the Church's standpoint the position of Ephesus made it not only, as it had been for Paul, the strategic centre for evangelization so that "all the Province of Asia heard the word": it was also, in some sense, a frontier-Church. Ephesus was the Guardian of the Gate. It held the frontiers of Christian thought and life against the assaults of oriental influences which would have fatally undermined both. There was the nature worship of the Mother ("Great Artemis of the Ephesians"), against which Apollonius of Tyana protested as strongly as the Christian missionaries. There was also a far more insidious danger in those bizarre Hellenistic speculations, incompatible with a Christian form of Theism, which were ever seeking entrance from the Orient. Traces of these can be found in 'Colossians'; and at the time when "St. John" was writing they were becoming a menace to sane theology. Confronted with these he flings his position back upon the ultimate principle of sanity: "in the beginning was the Logos, and the Logos became Man."

It was also a critical time in other ways. Persecution had fallen on the Church in Asia: Caesar worship had declared war on the Church. Domitian was as a reincarnate Nero. Only a few years after the Fourth Gospel Pliny was writing his letter to Trajan. In the distress and terror of the times John the Evangelist leads his readers back behind the challenge of passing circumstance to Reality and life eternal, mediated to them through the Lord. John the Seer, in his own Jewish way, nerves them with trumpet calls of Christian hope, pointing them to that security which is found only in the Eternal Will, and summoning all his faith to proclaim to them the certain triumph of the Master's cause, the vindication of His majesty and the descent of the Heavenly City. "Lo, I come quickly: even so come!" There could hardly be two minds more alike, yet both are at one in their ultimate intuitions and both are expressing the same experience, clothed in totally different forms and symbols.

These two books are the subject of this study by the well-known scholar Dr. Estlin Carpenter. He brings to them not only the equipment of up-to-date New Testament scholarship but also his own wide and deep knowledge of Comparative Religion. The Vedic hymns, the Hermetic literature, the astrological magic of Chaldea, are all brought up by him as reinforcements to the ordinary critical apparatus. The result is a work impressive in its thoroughness. Detailed criticism of the volume would scarcely be in place in this REVIEW, and is proper rather to "learned" quarters. We do not pretend to agree with all its positions. But we may be allowed to express our admiration for its learning, workmanship and sincerity no less than for its admirable spirit. Thirty shillings is rather a stiff price: surely it could be published at a guinea?

* Mr. L. P. Hartley is away on holiday, and will resume his articles on 'New Fiction' shortly.

BIRD LIFE

How Birds Live. By E. M. Nicholson.
Williams and Norgate. 3s. 6d.

THE ordinary reader, even if he be completely ignorant of ornithology, will find this book enthralling. Indeed, the more ignorant he is, the more he is likely to be fascinated by it. It will open for him a new window on the world; garden and field will hereafter mean more to him. For Mr. Nicholson not only writes clearly and stimulatingly, but he has an unmistakable understanding of birds as living, alert creatures which he quite amazingly succeeds in communicating to the reader; he is that *rarissima avis*, a scientist with a poet's eye. This is not to say that he indulges in sentimental rhapsodies on birds and bird-life: he is quite rightly severe on the uninformed rubbish that sentimentalists would have us believe. He is strictly scientific in his method and plainly well versed in his facts, but writing which would otherwise, however clear, be nothing but technical exposition, is transformed by enthusiastic yet disciplined imagination into something very different.

From a consideration of bird ecology Mr. Nicholson proceeds to discuss the territory theory, adding the results of his own observations to modify it. One of his most interesting chapters is devoted to losses among the bird population, which are colossal:

The blackbird, for example, is almost fully a resident. Each pair lays in the course of a season on an average at least nine eggs. Of these, from such data as I have, it appears that rather less than 50 per cent. will be successfully hatched and the young fledged. That is, at the end of the season every pair of blackbirds ought to have produced about four young: there will be six in July for every two in April. This must be an overestimate, for it makes no allowance for any mortality after fledging or among the old birds, and in an actual case observed twenty-six blackbirds on about forty acres only succeeded in fledging thirty-five young in the season. But whatever the exact number fledged, it will never normally be less than the number of old birds, including those not mated. Obviously, then, unless the blackbird is going to increase very considerably, out of every four, or, more likely five, blackbirds, at the end of one breeding season only two must remain at the beginning of the next.

This chapter affords a good example of his anti-sentimentalism. It shows that the bird of prey is a useful institution, playing its part in keeping the population at a level which allows of well-being for all. Where over-population occurs, death ensues either from disease (e.g., grouse disease) or starvation. There is an interesting comparison between the dangers of migration and wintering at home—the balance of loss seems to hold about even between the devil of frost for the stay-at-home and the deep blue sea for the venturer across the Mediterranean:

The system is not altogether so wasteful as it appears. Because of the storms and a thousand other unavoidable misfortunes, there has to be a high rate of increase to fill up rapidly the colossal gaps which are always liable to occur; but there is no feasible way of adjusting the supply to suit the demand—birds do certainly rear larger families where the food is extraordinarily abundant, but not in the normal course of fluctuations in food supply. Therefore a high enough rate of increase to meet tremendous disasters has to be maintained for safety's sake, whether the disasters happen or not; it is easy to get rid of the surplus. Moreover, what is loss to one creature is gain to another; the eggs, young, and full-grown birds which are destroyed all go to support other birds, animals, or insects. They are turned into food, just as cattle and pigs are turned into food by us. Only plants live from the soil; all other creatures must take their nourishment from this superfluity—the surplus seeds, the surplus eggs, birds, animals, plants, or insects. If this apparent waste of life were stopped, no more than a fraction of the present number of living creatures could find food. The true workings of Nature are strangely different from what sentimentalists imagine them to be; they are sweeping, drastic, astringent, never gentle or "humane," but they cannot be called cruel.

Some idea of the precision with which the author reasons, together with the imaginative insight he brings to his work, may be gathered from his observations on bird-song, which open up a world of delightful conjecture:

It is common for anthropomorphic naturalists, often half in joke, but sometimes quite seriously, to credit birds with powers

of discussion and deliberation which we have no reason to think they possess. To take a familiar example, they suggest that the concerted clamour of swallows twittering before their departure in autumn is a discussion of the perils of the road, to be compared, presumably, with the buzz of conversation in a body of troops resting on the march. This idea, setting aside the question of its truth, is obviously borrowed from ourselves and transferred downwards to the birds, which is a false method of procedure. Nothing is permissible but to build upwards from what observation has indicated. . . . There is no reason to suppose that their language is capable of expressing the idea of a long journey, nor that, even if it were, the information would convey any meaning at all to young birds lately fledged. Words without the experience in the listener to make them real are meaningless, and a bird's powers of reasoning by analogy cannot be great. The concerted clamour of swallows twittering before departure, or the musical chorus of stonecurlews which I have heard in September from large flocks assembled on the South Downs, are not like a buzz of conversation, but like the more elemental expressions of excitement of which one still finds traces in humanity. The set of words like Hurrah! Oh! Alas! Ow! or Ugh! Hi! Ha! Gee-whoa! Hum! or Hem! Heigh-ho! Whew! Nix! Fie! which are not words at all in the proper sense, but mere interjections, seem to give some idea of its range. Imagine a man with only these, and (for some species) capable of whistling well and imitating all sorts of sounds and singing those verbally meaningless refrains of the old songs, "hey lillelu and a how lo lan," "Ri-fol, ri-fol, fol-de-riddle-ree," and you have, I think, a fair idea of the scope of bird language.

Mr. Nicholson goes on to explain that the song of birds is not a song "in the civilized sense, but simply vocalized music." There is nothing, he thinks, in its phrases approximating to words; their only meaning is in their qualities of sound and delivery or their associations:

Thus, when such a consummate songster as the marsh-warbler imitates the swallow or whinchat, it is not because the notes are up to his musical standard, nor, I think, entirely for the sake of imitation; to a listening hen or rival cock, as well as to the singer himself, these sounds surely carry a pleasant sense of spring delights, just as a composer may introduce wedding bells or some other imitative sound to conjure up the appropriate images. Starlings also, when they pick up the notes of redshank, lapwing, and partridge while summering in the meadows, probably enjoy them partly for their sound, and just as much for their associations. Voluptuously repeated in times of leisure on the town chimney-pot, they recall long days and fine weather, and the labour of rearing a brood finished, and plenty to eat. They do not, probably, raise any precise memories; only a vague general sensation of pleasantness which adds to the simpler pleasure of the imitation.

This is a little book of first-rate quality.

AN ADVERTISING TEXT-BOOK

Advertisement Design. By R. P. Gossop.
(Universal Art Series). Chapman and Hall.
21s.

HAVING turned up our noses at advertising for half a century and more, we are now beginning to take it much too seriously. From refusing to believe that it could even sell a cake of soap, we are now telling ourselves that it can win wars, or revolutionize society. From denying it any possible kinship with beauty or wit, we now treat it as an honourable and difficult branch of the arts. And after absurdly pretending that any fool could do it, we now publish bulky "text-books" (to use Mr. Gossop's word) about it, as though it were a thing that no one could do at all, without careful study and training. For the truth is that nothing has been more cleverly and successfully advertised in the last decade than advertising itself. That is the real, and rather humiliating, explanation of our complete change of attitude.

To consider the text-books for a moment—it should be noted, in the first place, that advertising is simply salesmanship. Its object is not beauty, nor wit, nor truth, nor falsehood, but just to sell things. If beauty of design and strict accuracy of statement happen to suit the particular public appealed to, so much the better. It is a purely incidental advantage. In a perfect world, even advertising

would be perfect; but in the meantime, unfortunately, it often pays the advertiser to be ugly and vulgar and stupid on purpose, if only to catch the eye. Indeed, the more immaculate the general flock of advertisers becomes, the more the occasional black sheep will stand out from among his fellows. Mr. Gossop, himself, admits the principle. "Obviously," he says, "if eleven advertisements were of too like a pattern the twelfth might easily win a victory that, on its merits, it did not deserve." In fact the first essential in advertising is to arrest attention. Without that, everything else is waste of time. And the inclusion of a book on advertisement design in the Universal Art Series compels the reflection that advertising has really no more to do with art than it has with—shall we say?—winter weather. The advertiser of snow-shoes, or mince-pies, or Jamaica rum, might find a winter snow-scene very useful in helping to convey his message to the public; but not if the articles he had for sale were pith-helmets and tennis rackets.

And the second point is that there is hardly anything to be said about advertising production that has not already been said in other connexions. A year or two ago a "text-book" appeared, devoted to the writing of "copy" for advertisements. Advertising "copy" was painfully and lengthily classified under such headings as "informative," "human interest," and so on. It is obvious that such a classification might be applied to any kind of writing—the writing of leading articles, for instance. Yet we get no text-books on leader-writing. Mr. Gossop, in the present book, draws attention to the importance of a suitable type. He points out, moreover, that it is no use selecting a type that will not fit the space allowance. These are problems that have always confronted every publisher. And in book production there are definite rules to follow, whereas, in advertising, as Mr. Gossop admits, there are not and never can be any rules—except, perhaps, the rule against repetition. He has a chapter on advertisement "layout"—which is certainly neither more difficult nor worthier of study than, for instance, newspaper layout. There is another whole chapter on the advertisement designer's equipment, in which he advises the purchase of drawing-boards, T-squares and rules, and solemnly warns us that these implements must be "absolutely square and true." You can use either brush, pen, or pencil for rough designs, but remember that "a pencil needs re-sharpening often." All this is perfectly true; it applies to any kind of art design; and we might have guessed that it applied to advertising without the assistance of another "text-book." The really outstanding and significant fact about it is that the public is apparently eager and waiting for such elementary technical information, so long as it is stated only in its relation to advertising. Yet is this really so remarkable? In an age which sells its collar-studs and sock-suspenders, its stockings and tea-cups and hats in buildings which look like so many Temples of Jupiter, have we any cause for astonishment if this new branch of salesmanship is acclaimed as a high art and accompanied by text-books as dignified in appearance and tone as the most learned "commentaries" of our forefathers?

THE CREAM OF LEICESTERSHIRE

The Harboro' Country. By Charles Simpson. With Illustrations by the Author. The Bodley Head. 42s.

M R. SIMPSON has written a very full and excellent history of one of the stiffest of the shires. The Harboro', or Fernie, country was originally hunted by the Quorn Hounds. In 1856 it became a separate hunt, under the mastership of William Ward Tailby; it was then officially called the Billesdon Hunt, after

the magnificent kennels which had been built for the Quorn Hounds by Lord Suffield. Later, when Mr. Fernie took it over, it became "Mr. Fernie's."

William Tailby was a great man to hounds, but unlucky, sustaining, particularly as he got older, so many bad falls that at one time or another almost every bone in his body was broken. This was partly owing to his size: he was so small that "he was often obliged to hold on to the cantle of his saddle to retain his seat." All his horses, incidentally, were well up to twelve stone. Mr. Simpson has drawn largely on Tailby's hunting journal—a remarkable record of some sixty years of fox-hunting, during twenty-two of which he was M.F.H. He had four huntsmen during his mastership (he hunted hounds himself for four seasons only), Tom Day, Jack Goddard, who went on to the Quorn, Frank Goodall, who carried the horn during the ten years in which the best sport was shown—"years," as Mr. Simpson says, "that saw an endless succession of great runs and a wonderful average of sport"—and, finally, Richard Summers. He would frequently hunt in a hard frost, sometimes because there was a large, expectant field, sometimes to please himself: "Hard frost," runs an entry in the journal, "not a soul out, not fit to ride, so hunted alone . . . very good 35 minutes." He was reluctant to give up the hounds, but the difficulties of hunting the country were many, and, he thought, insurmountable. Sir Bache Cunard succeeded him in 1878, and carried on for ten years, when Mr. Fernie took command. Like his predecessors, Mr. Fernie was much harassed by unruly fields, who persistently over-rode hounds; but he showed wonderful sport. A bad fall in 1907 seriously injured him, and he was never again able to take a very active part with his hounds, although he remained master until his death in 1919, when Mrs. Fernie took over for four seasons. She was succeeded by Lord Stalbridge, who hunted hounds himself.

Mr. Simpson does not overlook the Harboro' country's associations with the civil wars of Charles I. The battle of Naseby and Charles's visit to Wistow are fully described. The most interesting chapters, however, are those containing accounts of great hunting runs. The illustrations are numerous: some of them are excellent, others are too photographic in effect, but even these give a good impression of the country. Lord Stalbridge has written an introduction to the book, which is dedicated to the memory of those two most famous masters, Mr. Tailby and Mr. Fernie.

THE MISSIONARY IN MALAYA

In British Malaya To-day. By Richard J. H. Sidney. Hutchinson. 21s.

P ERHAPS the author of this work set out with a clear idea of what he wanted to say and has said it, but in that case the public whom he had in view must have been a somewhat mixed one; it is perhaps more probable that the demands of an insistent publisher caused him to expand his offspring by the introduction of a certain amount of irrelevant matter at rather short notice. However that may be, readers will find something to suit all tastes, including, for those who revel in scenes of blood, a highly dramatic account, based on fact, of running amok. But we may assume that the writer is himself a man of peace, like the normal Malay, despite this rather gory narrative, for he was head of a school of over a thousand boys in Malaya, and he dedicates his book to the members of this same Victorian Institution, past, present and future. More than a third of the book is devoted to the school, its work, its amateur theatricals and so on; some of the actors are immortalized in the plates and we are also privileged to see the author at work in his office attired in a dressing-gown.

Perhaps the most generally interesting section is that on the missionaries and their work. The author is clearly an admirer of the good type of missionary and suggests that their influence helps to bring about the commingling of races and to diminish race hatred. Events in China do not seem to bear out the view, and the author himself is constrained to admit that even Malaya, which he has had under his own observation, is in no wise grateful for the missionary and the education which he or she brings to people who seem to get on quite well without it.

INFANT PRODIGIES

The Young Authors. A Book of Verse and Prose Written and Illustrated by Children. Edited by Eleanor B. S. Jenkins. The De la More Press. 6s.

THE problem of securing quietude in the classroom is one that has in past times taxed the ingenuity and exhausted the patience of many harassed schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. Miss Eleanor Jenkins has solved it by the simple expedient of getting her pupils to write poetry. *Poeta nascitur non fit* is a maxim the truth of which no experienced reviewer will feel disposed to challenge. But if you cannot "make a poet" you can at least, with a little application, produce a tolerably competent craftsman. And the writing of verses is great fun. So at least the children under the direction of Miss Jenkins seemed to think. One is not surprised to read that "they loved making verse and more often than not chose this form of homework in preference to writing in prose, and as they were always 'in the mood' it was seldom that more than ten minutes was spent on a verse."

Well, the results of these ten minutes' excursions on the lower slopes of Parnassus are before us. It cannot be said that the well-directed efforts of Miss Jenkins have resulted in the production of a future Christina Rossetti, but there are some verses here which Felicia Dorothea Hemans would not have disdained to write. Barbara Jowett (aged 8 years 9 months) strikes a distinctly modern note:

No grass,
No men,
But only people walking fast
Into a wooden den.
The den is my Noah's Ark,
The people—Mary's dolls,
Then suddenly a 'normous shark
Comes to eat all boys and girls.'

It is unlikely that Barbara was consciously influenced by the Imagist school of poetry, but the resemblance is none the less striking.

One suspects, however, after reading 'The Brownies,' that Eleanor Harrison (a poetess of more mature years—she had attained the age of nine at the date of composition) had read Stevenson's 'Child's Garden of Verses':

At night when every one's asleep,
Out all the little brownies creep,
And if you'll watch—they'll hop for miles,
And sometimes jump o'er fairy stiles.

And then they'll feast upon a hill,
And sing and dance and play until
A little brownie shouts "Away—
I am quite sure I smell the day."

These two poems may be regarded as not unfairly representative of the quality of the poems contained in this volume. Candour compels us to confess that many of these verses show signs of distinct promise, while the same candour impels us to echo the editor's conclusion that "almost all children of eight to twelve years, provided they are given opportunities, should be able to do equally well." The coloured illustrations of Evelyn Shervill deserve a word of commendation.

NEW FICTION

BY ELIZABETH BIBESCO

The Allinghams. By May Sinclair. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

The Lovely Ship. By Storm Jameson. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

IT is very difficult for any writer to think of any reader. One naturally prefers to concentrate on that vague monster the "public" which so easily explains the smallness of one's sales, even though he has to be explained away—with self-righteous embarrassment—by the fortunately successful authors. "I have just read a book." It always sounds so triumphant. To those who dislike reading the very fact that they have read a book transforms it into a masterpiece. They have conquered a continent, they have tamed some wild thing. They have "read a book."

"I always read everything that X writes" is a much more illuminating remark. A great many men of genius have only written one book (I am not talking about Laclos or Benjamin Constant). They have, it is true, written it very often, very variously, expanding and contracting their concertina. But the sameness comes not only from the saturation of a personality, the rhythm of a style. The scene that is set hardly varies, old characters reappear. Conrad no doubt wrote two books ('The Secret Agent' and 'Nostromo'), but no one buying the "latest" Conrad could possibly fail to find abundantly, superbly and quite precisely what he was expecting and what he was looking forward to.

It is a quite reputable feeling—not only the delighted pride of an unmusical person recognizing with surprised self-congratulation a "tune," but the achievement of a friend delving still deeper into an old intimacy. I am talking, of course, of writers whose personalities are of such an abundant richness that they can afford a repetitive fecundity. There is nothing so depressing as the third-rate author, who, having written one successful book, reproduces ever paler prints from the same negative.

Miss May Sinclair belongs essentially to the restless and adventurous explorers of fresh fields and fresh formulæ. She will probably not forgive me if I confess to liking her earliest books best. No one admires more than I do 'The Divine Fire' and 'Tasker Jevons.' Miss Sinclair is the only writer who has ever convinced me that her men of genius possessed genius. These little caddish clerks with their tight clothes and their short hair, sitters for caricature who nevertheless scorch us with the white flame of their spirit—until we are as identified with their accents and their humiliations as a mother listening to a reciting child.

The 'Tree of Heaven' flowered for me, but I must pass over the psycho-analytic period in pained silence. After that we had a charming soufflé—'Mr. Waddington of Wyck'—and those two loaded dice 'The Cure of Souls' and 'The Rector of Wyck' (though a loaded dice is often preferable to a hollow one). Now, alas! we have 'The Allinghams.' In the first chapter we are given an inventory of the family—and we are never allowed to receive anything more. Each character is prematurely stamped with a characteristic. Wilfred wants to be a soldier, becomes a farmer and marries (happily). Stephen, a novelist's genius (not one of Miss Sinclair's), thinks he loves a mother, loves her daughter, and marries her (happily). Mollie, inevitably and consistently wise and tender, waits for and marries the man she loves (happily). Robin drinks and is saved by a farmer's daughter whom he marries (happily). Angela falls in love and gives birth (triumphantly) to an illegitimate child.

Margaret never deviates from the course of conscientious and lifeless venom. She becomes an old maid, is engaged to a curate, undresses, and goes mad.

Aunt Martha is domineering and devoted. Nor does she, even for that fraction of a second which most of our acquaintances succumb to, cease to be either. Maud and Mrs. Allingham are maddeningly referred to as "Father and Mother." "Mother said," "Said father," "Mother went into the garden," which, considering the fact that the book is not written in the first person, gives a spurious Everyman touch.

Miss Sinclair is far too fine a craftsman to do anything by accident, nor can she claim, or wish to claim, any extenuating circumstances. She has deliberately used simplicity—or simplification—as an impediment to sincerity. Not only does none of her characters ever come to life—they do not for a moment possess the flickering inconsequence of the living. Nor does she allow—in her austere wrong-mindedness—a single sentence to swerve into significance. Each conversation has all point ironed out of it, and we must admit that even our most dreary acquaintances occasionally say something worth listening to. It is the knowledge that Miss Sinclair is withholding her irony, her colour, her insight that makes her achievement of flatness so annoying. It is as if she had given us a number of unlit candles at noon and told us that if we could not imagine them lighted we were unworthy of seeing them lit. Only I am not even sure that the wax and the wick are of the first quality.

'The Lovely Ship' is the story of Mary Hansyke, the daughter of Richard Hansyke (country gentleman) and Charlotte, his loose and ex-lovely wife. She is also the niece of Mark Henry Garton, owner of Garton's shipbuilding yard, the regular boisterous, blaspheming, imaginative adventurer in commerce with whom fiction (more often than life) has made us familiar. Mary marries an effete drunken gentleman, has a child and becomes a widow. She returns to the yard to build ships, falls in love and marries a rather vague intellectual who is soon unfaithful to her. Up to this point there seems to be something missing in the book. We are conscious that we are treading the way of information rather than revelation. Miss Jameson seems to be accompanying her characters like a nursery governess, holding them firmly by the hand so that they are unable to break loose, be themselves, or walk on the grass. She seems positively to strangle truth with explicitness. But the appearance of Gerry changes all that. The background from being competently panoramic begins to flicker and to flower, and Mary in the grip of her great love affair comes to life and changes from a "study" into a person.

Miss Jameson does not seem to me to be very successful with her men, and her attempts at whimsicality are failures—both Wagener and Memps being commentaries rather than characters. But it is by Mary herself that the book stands or falls, and Mary certainly goes from strength to strength. She reminded me all the time of Queen Victoria. They both possessed the same considerable executive capacity, the same firm grip of facts, the same instinctive selection of the relevant. They were both firmly embedded in the concrete, and shared a complete inability to grasp or even to be interested in general ideas. The whole aesthetic world was closed to them, they lived and died without ever knowing an artistic preoccupation. And they were both *grandes amoureuses*, intensely emotional and yet capable of the strongest and deepest feelings. The unimaginative romantic is always a fascinating study, and to this category Mary Hansyke and Queen Victoria belong.

Miss Jameson always writes well. Her prose, though a trifle unlit, has a quiet exactitude, a lucid and penetrating rightness. Her sentences march forward

in calm rectitude—only very occasionally does she allow one to loiter and pick a flower or two in the sun by the wayside. It is when she is writing about the sea ("like the black and silver scales of a fish the water glittered in the sun, slipping, sliding, shivering") that Miss Jameson releases her prose like a kite, it is with her own eyes rather than her mind's eye that she sees most clearly and, though she is sometimes chary of sharing it with us, when we do receive the communication of that vision it shimmers and dances with an enchantment of its own.

It is greatly to the credit of Miss Jameson that some of this light is reflected in the solid and inartistic Mary until she is bathed in a sort of beauty that she would have been the last to recognize.

OTHER NOVELS

Tenacity. By Guy Cottar. Jarrold. 7s. 6d.

Philip Yorke was called "Tenax" because once he undertook a job he carried it through. He wasn't easily discouraged, and he was never beaten. When, at the outset of the story, he was invited to undertake a mission to Bulgaria, he declined, for the reason that he had arranged to go salmon-fishing in Sutherlandshire. Then—quite suddenly—he changed his mind. He changed his mind because of something he had seen from the window of an office. Philip had some need of all his tenacity during the course of the ensuing mission. Adventure followed adventure with an almost breathless rapidity, and the young man found himself at times in some very tight holes. But his pertinacity and his resourcefulness were invariably equal to the occasion, and he was able to accomplish all that he had set out to do. It should be added that the love interest, which a story of this type requires, is not wanting. For a time the course of true love runs far from smoothly, but the discerning reader will, even in the darkest moments, be prepared for a happy ending. We can assure him that he will not be disappointed.

The House of Happiness. By Ethel M. Dell. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling once wrote a defence of the three-volume novel in which that massive institution of

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the eighteen-eighties was compared to a three-decker ship. The thing had already passed away, but the purpose it had served was—or so Mr. Kipling thought—an entirely admirable one. "She's taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest," he reminded those of his readers who were hot on the track of the new realism. It is unlikely that the three-volume novel will ever be revived—even Mr. Brett Young can say all he wants to say within the compass of a single volume—but the laudable task of taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest is still carried on by an industrious, albeit diminishing, band of novelists. Among these Miss Ethel M. Dell deservedly occupies a high and honoured place. She passionately desires to see her readers happy and, if she harrows their feelings for a while, it is only that their ultimate pleasure may be thereby the more enhanced.

The Great Experiment. By Misha Maude. Alston Rivers. 7s. 6d.

This story of a beautiful girl, daughter of an Armenian mother and a Tartar chief, who is brought up from babyhood as a member of the family of a British colonel of the traditional type and is then taken back to Azerbaijan, where her father has become Soviet Commissar of Education, has in it all the elements of a best seller. Arslan, the father's political rival and the daughter's would-be lover, provides material for an exciting story, which ends with the father's assassination and the daughter's escape to Persia to the British officer with whom she had fallen in love before her return to the Caucasus. But this book differs from the usual story of its kind in that it contains an extremely interesting account of life under the regime of the Soviets, with its strange mixture of idealism and squalid brutality. All that part of the book which deals with Baku could only have been written by someone who has spent years in that city, where the petroleum merchants of the West mingle with the still untamed descendants of Ghengis Khan.

SHORTER NOTICES

China in Revolt. By T'ang Leang-Li. With a Foreword by Dr. Tsai Yuan-Pei, and a Preface by the Hon. Bertrand Russell. Noel Douglas. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a purely partisan account of the troubles in China, written from the extreme Nationalist point of view. It makes no pretence to impartiality. The Chinese author treats the present situation, as between China and the European Powers, as though it already amounted to a state of war. What we are witnessing, he says, is the "beginning of the clash between Western and Chinese civilization," and of "the racial struggle between white and yellow peoples." In such a struggle, unfortunately, there is never any doubt about the sympathies of Mr. Bertrand Russell. In an enthusiastic preface Mr. Russell declares that Mr. T'ang is really "doing a service to Great Britain" in abusing her like a pickpocket, because his indictment, though "painful" to Mr. Russell, is also "irrefutable," and it is better that we should know "the facts." Most of Mr. T'ang's "facts" appear to have been collected from newspapers hostile to this country, or from such well-known authorities as Colonel C. L. Malone. His "indictment" largely takes the form of calling us names. It is inconceivable that this kind of pamphleteering should convince anyone: it is not really meant to. And the only "service to Great Britain" that it can render is to illustrate the obvious impossibility of negotiating with Mr. T'ang and his Cantonese friends while they remain in their present frame of mind.

Letters to a Young Head Master. By W. Jenkyn Thomas and Charles W. Bailey. Blackie. 3s. 6d.

HEAD MASTERS are Olympian creatures who might be expected to burst suddenly into their full faculties, like Athene from the head of Zeus. Two experienced members of the same standing can, however, give them a good many useful hints, as this little book shows. The authors both belong to the Incorporated Association of Head Masters, and each in turn is responsible for a letter of advice. Mr. Bailey chaffs Mr. Thomas quite neatly, and both have a happy sense of humour, so that instruction is not, as commonly, separated from amusement. The best way of solving difficulties may be direct or indirect, and both methods are illustrated here. The hints apply not only to boys and masters in school, but also to legal questions and the wiles of income-tax collectors. Amusing and

pertinent are the comments of T. on advisers who have no practical experience of education and a great deal to suggest. B. is equally good on the need for head masters to find frivolous pursuits. Scholastic people who always go about with their own kind encourage themselves to be pedantic and treat the world as Lilliputian. There is nothing of that spirit here, but a broad-minded understanding of problems duly faced and attractively expounded. If the authors are not themselves the senior English masters in their own schools, they are fully qualified for that important position.

Between Thames and Chilterns. By E. S. Roscoe. Faber and Gwyer. 6s.

THERE is probably no district of England that can boast a greater number of literary associations than South Buckinghamshire. To this district Mr. Roscoe will be found an entertaining and a trusty guide. This book, originally published under the title of "Penn's Country," has been considerably expanded, and in its present form constitutes a valuable contribution to the study of literary topography. Here will be found stories of Milton, the two Disraelis, Burke, Bulstrode, Shelley, Cowper, and many other men, eminent both in letters and in affairs, who have made their home in the land lying between the Thames and the Chilterns. There is a pleasant chapter on Beaconsfield, which is to-day associated with Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Miss Rose Macaulay, and which in the more peaceful and less populous days of the eighteenth century provided a rural retreat for Edmund Burke. Burke lived, according to Mrs. Thrale, "among dirt, cobwebs, pictures, and statues"; but even so he contrived to attract to his picturesque, if ill-managed house, most of the wits and *savants* of his day.

Knocking Around. By Frank H. Shaw. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

IF anyone picks up this book in the belief that it is merely a record of adventures by sea during the war, let him at once disabuse himself. It is the life-story of a sailor whose career began when, at sixteen, he was apprenticed on the *Ravenby*, a three-masted barque of 1,800 tons, engaged in carrying guano. The first friendly advice he received aboard was: "Try to persuade your old man to get your indentures broke—it's one hell of a life aboard this ship." And so it was, but the apprentice stuck to it. It gave him a tough skin and also time to read through the *Waverley Novels*. Mr. Shaw left the merchant service to settle down as a writer. Then the war broke out and found him a territorial; he became familiar with trench life, but the lucky chance of acting as escort to an admiral, who wished to see the war on land at close quarters, gave him a chance to get back to sea. Nothing more exciting has been written than his tales of the Q ships. After one hot fight, he bears testimony to the truth of Mulvaney's experience. In his story of "Silver's Theatre," that Irishman mentions that he couldn't help being powerful sick when in action. It was so with Mr. Shaw after the narrowest squeak of his life.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

SIR RICHARD MUIR. A Memoir of a Public Prosecutor. By Sidney Theodore Felstead. Edited by Lady Muir. The Bodley Head. 18s.

One of the most interesting biographies of the week and incidentally a revelation of the smallness of the rewards received by Muir in some of his most famous cases.

BARON FRIEDRICH VON HUGEL. SELECTED LETTERS. 1896-1924. Edited with a Memoir by Bernard Holland. Dent. 21s.

Baron Friedrich von Hugel was not only a very prominent figure in the Modernist movement in Roman Catholicism, he was often in close touch with leaders of religious thought in many other bodies outside his own country. The letters have been chosen with a view to illustrating the whole range of his interests and sympathies.

THE MIGRATION OF BRITISH CAPITAL TO 1875. By Leland Hamilton Jenks. Knopf. 18s. A study by an American authority on economics.

WHEN WE LIVED IN JERUSALEM. By Estelle Blyth Murray. 12s.

By the daughter of the late Bishop Blyth, covering a period of twenty-seven years, and dealing with almost every aspect of life in Palestine before the expulsion of the Turks.

LAST DAYS AT TSARSKOE SELO. Being the Personal Notes and Memories of Count Paul Benckendorff. Translated by Maurice Baring. Heinemann. 6s.

INTERNATIONAL LAW. By The Right Hon. The Earl of Birkenhead. Sixth Edition. Edited by Ronal Moelwyn-Hughes. Dent. 21s.

THE MEDIEVAL ENGLISH SHERIFF TO 1300. By William Alfred Morris. Longmans. 21s.

LANES OF MEMORY. By George S. Hellman. Knopf. 15s.

POLITICS AND SOCIOLOGY

WHERE FREEDOM FALTERS. By the Author of 'The Pomp of Power.' Scribner's. 16s.

EDUCATION AT WORK. Edited by H. Bompas Smith. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION. By Sir Lewis Amherst Selby-Bigge. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

MUSIC

OLD ENGLISH SONGS AMOROUS, FESTIVE AND DIVINE. Chosen and handwritten by A. C. Harradine. Music arranged by N. C. Suckling. Gerald Howe. 10s. 6d. Mr. Harradine here brings together such pieces as 'Westron Wynde,' 'My True Love Hath my Heart,' 'Joly Goode Ale and Olde,' the Coventry Carol. Mr. Suckling has taken some liberties as regards settings, avoiding mere archaism in order to convey to singers to-day the real musical quality of the songs.

MUSIC: CLASSICAL, ROMANTIC AND MODERN. By Eaglefield Hull. Dent. 10s. 6d.

Each chapter of this book is intended to provide the reader with a critical survey of some particular style or tendency. At the end, besides bibliographical information, there are lists of gramophone records.

THE SECOND BOOK OF NEGRO SPIRITUALS. Edited with an introduction by James Weldon Johnson. Musical arrangements by J. Rosamond Johnson. Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

MAGNOLIAS. By J. G. Millais. Longmans. 32s.

Illustrated by 10 collotype plates and 25 reproductions of photographs, this handsome book, by the author of a well-known work on Rhododendrons, will appeal to all who are interested in magnolias.

DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS. By Frances Trollope. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

This tart and entertaining book created an immense sensation nearly a century ago. Though much of the criticism is now of no more than historic interest, the book deserved to be reprinted, and it is here given an attractive form, with a good Introduction by Mr. Michael Sadleir.

THE HUMAN BODY. By Trevor Heaton. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

PREHISTORIC MAN. By Keith Henderson. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

This volume and its predecessor in this list are the first two of a promising new series, the 'Simple Guide' books, in which the aim is to provide monographs neither above the heads of young persons nor beneath the attention of intelligent adults. Volumes on 'Painting,' 'Architecture' and 'English Literature' are to follow.

SATURDAY PAPERS. By T. R. Glover. Student Christian Movement. 5s.

The author of 'The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire' and 'Paul of Tarsus' here collects a number of brief, simple and suggestive articles, covering a wide field, but throughout expressive of a definite personality.

THE IVORY TOWER. By Henry James; RUSSIAN TALES. Translated by Aylmer Maude; TURGENEV. By Edward Garnett. FROM MY BOOKS. By C. Lewis Hind; LIFE AT THE MERMAID. By J. C. Squire; ANCIENT SORCERIES AND OTHER TALES. By Algernon Blackwood. Collins. Kings' Way Classics. 3s. 6d. each.

A good series, giving some promise of unconventional choice from among the works of contemporary or modern authors.

ACROSS ARCTIC AMERICA. By Knud Rasmussen. Putnam. 21s.

CURRENCY, CREDIT AND THE EXCHANGES. During the Great War and Since. By William A. Shaw. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

THE YEARBOOK OF THE UNIVERSITIES OF THE EMPIRE. 1927. Edited by Walter H. Dawson. Bell. 7s. 6d.

THE ECONOMICS OF SMALL HOLDINGS. By Edgar Thomas. Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d.

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HISTORICAL INCIDENTS.

The Wreck of the "Birkenhead"

THE good ship "Birkenhead" struck on a rock off the Cape of Good Hope in 1852. The soldiers on board—Lancers and Riflemen—under the command of Colonel Seton, drew up on deck, while two boats were filled with women and children. Escape was impossible for the troops, but they could die as men. The band struck up, and the soldiers stood rigidly to attention as the ship went down.

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The Annual Draw of the Art Union of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours will take place in the Galleries of The Institute on Tuesday, May 10.

The first prize is of the value of one hundred and fifty pounds and there are numerous other prizes. All the prizes must be chosen by the winners from the Pictures in the Exhibition of the Royal Institute.

Tickets for the draw are one shilling each and may be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. W. T. Blackmore, 195 Piccadilly, W.

Every subscriber, however, who takes a book of 20 tickets is entitled to a special reproduction in colour of "The Favourite Dancer," by Fortunino Matania, R.I., signed by the artist.

The last day for tickets is April 30.

THE CONNOISSEUR

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL TERMS

IS it impossible to standardize the terms and methods employed by bibliographers and publishers? It is true that the problems offered by ancient and modern books are never identical. For example, in the eighteenth century printers kept so little type that when setting a long work it was common practice to print off four or more signatures, and then distribute and reset the type. Or if that was inconvenient, and all the forces of the establishment were requisitioned, part of the book would be set in one fount, the rest in another; the first edition of 'Gulliver's Travels,' for example, is in no less than four founts. Such conditions occasioned perplexities which have no parallel in these days of type-setting machines; and the inference to be drawn by the student from the make-up of a seventeenth-century book differ entirely from those prompted by a modern book. A code which recognized and allowed for all these oppositions and contradictions would be very valuable.

*

Most publishers and printers, and, I believe, the Booksellers' Association, now attach a meaning to the words "first edition" which differs entirely from the meaning attached to it by the collector. The publishers regard the first edition as including all copies printed from the type as it is set originally. The second printing is (in this view) called the second issue or impression of the first edition; and subsequent reprints become the third and fourth issues, etc. The "second edition" does not make its appearance until the type is changed. The first edition (so called) can thus be extended, by a series of reissues, over many years. An example of this misleading terminology lies before me; 'Poems by W. B. Yeats,' issued by Messrs. Fisher Unwin in 1920. The loose jacket bears the words "Second edition, Ninth impression." There is no date on the title-page, but on the reverse is the information that the poems were first collected in 1895, revised and reprinted in 1899, and again reprinted in 1901, 1904, 1908, 1912, 1913, 1919, and 1920. No mention is made of revisions after 1899. The publishers' description of "Second edition, Ninth impression" means (if it means anything) that the first edition appeared in 1895, the second in 1899, and that the copy under examination is the ninth unchanged reprint of the 1899 revised second edition. Yet on turning over the leaves I find a 'Preface to the Third Edition,' dated 1901, and another preface, also avowing corrections by the author, dated 1912! The publisher is clearly wrong, even by his own reckoning. What he should have called his publication (assuming the text remains that of 1912) was "Fourth edition, third impression." Personally, I should call it the ninth edition.

*

To make the confusion darker, a minority of publishers have not accepted the words "issue" and "impression." The first printing they call "the first edition," the second printing, even if unchanged, "the second edition," and so forth. Most second-hand booksellers, and nearly all collectors, follow this line, which I think much better than the clumsy alternative. Indeed, if the advocates of "impressions" have their way, the term "first edition" will lose its importance, unless supplemented by the words "first impression." Of what use is a "ninth impression" of the first edition printed, let us say, four years after the original publication? Having regard to the lack of an accepted definition, collectors may well ask themselves what is the implied warranty behind a book, described by a bookseller as a "first edition"? I shall hope to answer this query next month.

A. J. A. SYMONS

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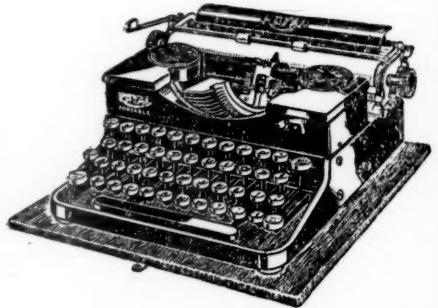
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE City accepted the Budget in a spirit of relief. The size of the deficit was known, and the Stock Exchange was uneasy as to the methods Mr. Churchill might employ to meet the situation. At the same time what the City requires is economy. When a banker of Mr. Goodenough's standing feels it incumbent on him to write a letter to *The Times* on the morning of Budget Day advocating the formation of a Committee of Retrenchment, it will be realized how dangerous the position is considered. As to the various taxes, from a Stock Exchange point of view no fault can be found with their selection. It is sincerely to be hoped that the promise of economy included in Mr. Churchill's speech will be realized. In writing of last year's Budget I expressed the opinion that the country could not stand Budgets of over 800 millions. My opinion on this point remains unchanged.

A NEW TRUST

Details are now to hand of a new Investment Trust Company which will make a public issue after Easter. The name of the new company is to be the Friars Investment Trust, and its initial share capital will be £500,000 in £1 shares. The success of a Trust Company is entirely dependent on those responsible for its administration, and the only key as to the future success of a new Trust is the reputation of its directors. For this reason the Friars Trust should have a prosperous future; its Board will consist of Sir Auckland Geddes, Mr. J. M. Balfour, Mr. J. N. Buchanan, Mr. A. R. Cook and Mr. G. Jessel. When the issue appears it will be found that it has not been underwritten. I understand that more than half the issue has already been privately placed. Those seeking an investment of this nature should make a point of seeing the prospectus when it is published.

RUMANIA

An outstanding feature of the Stock Exchange of recent months has been the steady absorption of foreign loans. This is easily understandable because the high rates of interest formerly ruling in the various borrowing countries have gradually come down and inhabitants are, therefore, glad to acquire holdings of their own external loans yielding a more generous rate than that existing internally to-day. Some months ago attention was turned to the Rumanian 4% External Loan of 1922 and the Rumanian 4% Consolidated Loan of the same year. Rumanian Consols became a popular counter, with the inevitable result that the price rose substantially. Recently, on news of the serious nature of the illness of King Ferdinand, the price fell heavily. There has, however, been some recovery from the lowest level. At the same time, the stock appears still to be attractively cheap. The fear of turmoil in Rumania of a serious nature, which caused the price to fall heavily, is in my opinion grossly exaggerated. In these circumstances it is suggested that those who are prepared to take the speculative risk involved should consider the advisability of securing these two loans while they are obtainable at the present attractive level, particularly as there is unmistakably evidence by the funding of outstanding commercial debts that the Rumanian Government are doing all that lies in their power to place their financial house, once more, in order.

SUDAN PLANTATIONS

Shareholders in the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, Ltd., have been informed that their directors propose to issue 750,000 further shares at £2 10s. in the proportion of one new share for every two shares held.

The Chairman of the Syndicate, Mr. F. Eckstein, has recently returned from the Sudan, and shareholders are informed that he is well satisfied with the season's crop, with the progress of work and with future prospects. News of this new issue has caused the price of the existing shares to fall, as although the issue presents shareholders with a somewhat generous bonus, taking up the new shares will call for £1,875,000. It is suggested that shareholders should most certainly take up their quota of new shares, and those who are able to do so should consider the advisability of increasing their holding of the old shares cum new at the present attractive level.

HARLAND AND WOLFF

The report and balance-sheet for the year ended December 31 last has been issued. As no profit and loss account is included, it is a little difficult to tell how the Company has progressed. The first Preference shares receive their dividend of 6%, and £144,915 is carried forward to the credit of the profit and loss account. No allowance is made for depreciation; the report states that very substantial amounts have been provided for this purpose in past years. In view of the generally improved appearance of the balance-sheet the 6% Preference shares still appear a reasonably attractive investment at the present level and show a yield of over 7%.

LEVERS

The issued share capital of Levers totals over £56,000,000, and in addition there are over 7½ million sterling of debenture. The various classes of Preference and Preferred Ordinary shares are held by small investors, and for this reason, if for no other, one would imagine the Company's report and balance-sheet would be drawn up in as clear and comprehensive a manner as possible. Unfortunately, this is not the case. The report of this vast combine is condensed into a few lines of print, while the balance-sheet is a collection of a mass of figures which conveys little real information to the Ordinary shareholder. The fact that profits showed a decrease for last year is of no great importance in view of the exceptional times. At the same time it is urged that greater efforts should be made in presenting the company's position in future in a more lucid manner.

SOUTH CROFTY

Although tin mining in Cornwall is one of the oldest industries in this country, of recent years it has proved anything but successful. There is, however, a very limited number of mines where tin is being recovered with satisfactory results to shareholders. One of these is the South Crofty Company, at whose meeting last week the Chairman, Mr. Francis Allen, had an encouraging tale to place before the shareholders. He stated that the grade of ore in the mine had considerably improved, that the sales were improving, that the developments were better, and that the general outlook for this year was a very pleasant one indeed. Owing to the coal stoppage South Crofty only paid two quarterly dividends of 3d. each last year. This year they should pay four. At the present price of 7s. 9d. this shows a satisfactory yield, and the shares in due course should reach higher levels.

OFFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

The 'Stock Exchange Official Intelligence for 1927' (Spottiswoode Ballantyne. 6os.), issued under the sanction of the Committee of the London Stock Exchange, shows further expansion, the pages numbering over 2,000. As in previous years, this publication is invaluable to those who make any sort of study of the stock and share markets. The information in every case is concisely given, and although obviously too much space cannot be devoted to each company, no fundamental facts are omitted.

TAURUS

MOTORING

TYRE PRESSURE

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

AMERICA is contemplating increasing the price of tyres in the near future, owing to the higher cost of cotton and rubber, the principal raw materials in their construction. Therefore it behoves the careful motorist to take precautions for conserving their life; tyres and fuel are the chief items of expense in road travel. Although the mileage life of tyres has been lengthened considerably, owing to improvements made in design and construction, the present popular forms, with low and medium pressures used for balloon tyres, have entailed greater attention in inflating them to the right pressure. Drivers are apt to imagine that the maintenance of the correct pressure is necessary solely for the protection of the covers, because the makers are endeavouring to inculcate the habit in users of testing tyre pressure regularly. The tyres are long-suffering components which show no visible signs of the ill-treatment which they may have been receiving until some thousands of miles have been covered, so that the need for frequent testing is apt to be overlooked. While it is true that incorrect pressures have a deleterious effect upon the tyres themselves, it must be realized that such a state has also an adverse effect in other directions.

* * *

Unequal inflation of the front tyres will produce a drag upon the steering, which, while it may be so small as to be almost undetectable when driving straight ahead on the crown of the road, may easily render the car difficult to control, and even dangerous if a bend has to be taken at speed against the inclination or camber of the road. Similar comment applies to the adjustment of pressures as between the two rear wheels and between front and rear wheels. The effect of irregularities of inflation may not be serious in good conditions, but it will become very noticeable as regards riding in comfort and controllability on a very rough surface or on a smooth but greasy road. Consequently it becomes a matter of safety, and therefore the habit of testing the inflation pressures at least once a week should be encouraged.

* * *

The margin of loss of pressure in present-day tyres of large size, but low inflation, is much smaller than when high pressures were commonly in vogue. Tyres also are a very costly item to the average owner; the Ministry of Transport's recent Returns reveal that the average horse-power of the present-day cars in use is only about fourteen horse-power. On a car of medium size the tyres alone account for an expenditure of about half a crown on every hundred miles travelled, while the low-pressure tyre is particularly liable to damage through over and under inflation. Therefore every motorist to-day should be provided with a trustworthy tyre-pressure gauge—few garages seem to possess one. It is only by applying the gauge to the tyre valve that the information desired can be obtained; it is impossible to guess the degree of inflation with any accuracy. Equally, due care in the method of driving is necessary to obtain the full life of the wheel covers. The driver who, seeing traffic ahead, does not shut down the throttle, but continues at the same speed, relying on the brakes to pull up the car as it nears the obstruction, gets but a small proportion of the value of money paid for tyres compared with another motorist, who lets the car roll gently up to the traffic, using his brakes as seldom as possible.



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2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2. They must reach him by the first post on the Thursday following the day of publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 265

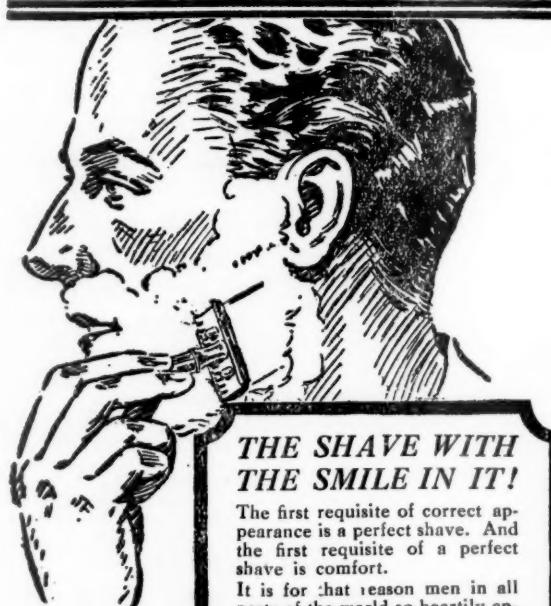
TWO CRIMES, BY NO MEANS EQUAL IN THEIR GUILT,
ALTHOUGH IN BOTH THE BLOOD OF MAN BE SPILT:
FELONIOUS ONE, EXCUSABLE THE OTHER;
CAIN DID THE FIRST, WHAT TIME HE SLEW HIS BROTHER.
1. The mighty Tottipotymoy it sheltered.
2. For gold Spain thirsted—in my blood I weltered.
3. Only for outward application fit.
4. By fasting, never man attains to it.
5. He spoke: "A shudder ran around the sky."**
6. These scales mankind may see displayed on high.
7. 'Twill serve, sir, if you jettison the wine.
8. His aspirates let Lincoln's saint resign!
9. When income shrinks, then this we needs must do.
10. For one impossible—you must have two.
11. The muse of pleasure, as her name denotes.
12. If ruthless, he may cut his victims' throats.

* Emerson.

Solution of Acrostic No. 263

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| A | c | Onite Mont Blanc, "the monarch of mountains," |
| N | eedles | S is the highest summit of Savoy; Monte |
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